HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2160.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1898.

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COMMODORE
GEORGE DEWEY U.S.N.

See Biographical Sketch on Page 474.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 14, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	CASPAR WHITNEY.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, JR.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN R. SPEARS.
T. DE THULSTRUP.	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS.	HAROLD MARTIN.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY *on a Bicycle, will contribute a Series of Articles, beginning next week, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War.*

IF one is to judge of French sentiment touching the United States from the Paris journals, the conclusion is inevitable that the traditional friendship between the two republics is of the hollowest sort. More than that, it is apparently clear that the people of France, republicans though they may call themselves, are more the friends of a mediæval monarchy whose cruelty and barbarism have shocked the civilized world than they are of the only republic, except Switzerland, which has yet attained a stable position in the world. For it must be remembered that chief among the political problems of France is still that of the continued existence of the republic. The French newspapers, however, do not necessarily represent French, or even Parisian, public sentiment. They are owned by money-lenders, and controlled by the owners of Spanish bonds; they are vile and venal, and are the models of the yellowest of our own yellow journals. Hardly a word that appears in them is trustworthy. But beyond these sensational newspapers there seems to be in France an antipathy to this country which needs explanation. Probably it is felt, as it is manifested, by those who are offended by the native bad manners of a democracy; and this feeling against bad manners is exaggerated in Paris, because the manners of democratic France are as much worse than the manners of democratic America as it is possible to conceive. The truth is probably that dignified and intelligent Frenchmen have come to hate democracy generally, by reason of the antics of French socialists and other French democrats. Therefore some intelligent and reputable papers like the *Temps* break out against us in vilification, and even some officers of the navy indulge in criticisms of our own service, because they do not like to believe that the navy of a democratic power can be a strong one.

THE victory which was gained by the Asiatic squadron, under the command of Commodore DEWEY, over the Spanish fleet at Manila on the 1st of May was to have been expected—that is, a victory was to have been expected, because our fleet was not only much heavier than the Spanish fleet, both in tonnage and in arms, but, as all the world knows outside of Spain and France, our men are individually better gunners, while our officers have a very much larger intelligence and training than the officers of the Spanish navy. Commodore DEWEY's victory, however, will go down in history as one of the most brilliant that was ever achieved by the American navy. With characteristic American self-respect, and faith in himself and in his ships and *personnel*, he went into a dangerous harbor in the darkness of the night, navigated its shallows successfully, engaged there in a contest against the Spanish fleet and forts, and by hard and brilliant fighting, described in the French papers as "fierce," annihilated the fleet and silenced the forts. It is a victory of which every American will be proud, and one which will make the name of Commodore DEWEY a familiar household word, like the names of DECATUR, HULL, PREBLE, and FARRAGUT. We cannot refrain from republishing the glowing and deserved tribute paid by a British naval officer of distinction to Commodore DEWEY and his officers and men. Vice-Admiral COLOMB said:

> I doubt if there ever was such an extraordinary illustration of the influence of sea power. A superior fleet has attacked and beaten a Spanish fleet supported by batteries, and, it now appears, it passed those batteries and has taken up an unassailable position off Manila.

The boldness of the American commander is beyond question. Henceforth he must be placed in the Valhalla of great naval commanders. Nothing can detract from the dash and vigor of the American exploit, or dim the glory which DEWEY has shed upon the American navy.

"WHAT will be done with the Philippine Islands?" is a proposition which we are beginning to discuss, a little prematurely, perhaps. During the remainder of the war our occupation of the islands will be purely military, and their future ownership will depend entirely upon the terms fixed in the treaty of peace by which the war will be terminated. Whether they shall be ours or not, it may not be unwise to consider in advance the question as to whether they shall again be Spain's. As we have already said, we are not seeking territory or gains of any material kind in this war. If the war is to go on in the spirit in which it was begun, we must come out of it with clean hands in this respect. But every nation going into war in a just cause has a right to demand and to exact security for the future. That our cause is a just one must now be assumed by every American. The war must be conducted upon that theory. So far as the cost of a reasonable resistance by Spain is concerned, we do not believe that this country is desirous of exacting indemnity for it; but if there is to be any "last ditch" about Spain's resistance, if her honor is not to be satisfied until she has put us to an enormous expense and has practically driven our commerce off the seas, then we may well think of insisting upon a material indemnity, and upon a valuable security against the future. If the Philippines are ours to do with as we will, we sincerely hope that they will not be retained as a colony of this country, because we have no machinery for colonial government, and any attempt to provide one will immeasurably increase the problems of our politics, and indefinitely postpone the carrying out of the reforms at home which demand the undivided attention of our public men. But it may be quite the part of wisdom to dispose of the Philippines in such a way that they will fall into the hands of a power friendly to the United States, which, in turn, will pay for them a sum sufficient to recompense us for some of the expenditures of the war.

MR. MCKINLEY is having the same experience with ambitious politicians who want to command troops that LINCOLN had thirty-seven years ago, but he is meeting his problem better. Certainly the appointment of Generals LEE, WHEELER, WILSON, and SEWELL cannot be criticised on the score of their lack of military experience. They are all old and tried soldiers with excellent records, while General LEE's services in Cuba made his commission almost inevitable. The appointment of these old officers, and the promotion of a number of regular officers to major and brigadier generalships in the volunteer service, are in accordance with Mr. MCKINLEY's declaration that political and social influences are not to control in the selection of commanding officers for the forces in the field, but that experience and skill are to govern. On the other hand, the disposition manifested in some States to insist that officers of the regular army shall not command any part of the volunteer forces is distinctly hostile to the interests of the country. The United States has a body of well-trained and educated officers, taught at West Point to command troops, experienced in their trade, so far as experience can be obtained in time of peace, while some of them have had experience in actual conflict. The older officers of the regular army should be put in command of troops, and no one should be put in charge of a brigade or of a division who has not had military training. If the government is not to utilize our regular army officers in this way, why are West Point and a regular army organization maintained? The efforts of leading politicians to secure commands of troops, because they are influential in their neighborhoods and States, are not patriotic efforts in the true sense of the term. They are efforts to gain distinction for those who have not earned it, and whose appointments as brigadier and major generals would be a serious detriment to the army and country.

THE effect of the victory of Commodore DEWEY upon the Spanish people seems extraordinary to American and English minds, but it is, after all, not astonishing when the character and vast ignorance of the race are considered. The Spanish people felt confident of their ability to defeat us wherever and whenever they met us. Notwithstanding the inferiority of their navy, the disorder of their army and of their finances, their contempt for the United States as a power, based as it is upon profound ignorance of us, is supreme. Therefore they have gone mad over their defeat. They are threatening the government of the Queen Regent and the King, and it is very clear that the Spanish government is nearly as much in danger from the madness of the Spanish populace as from the fleets and armies of the United States. It is evident that the present dynasty is doomed. The little King will never reign. His mother and he, if they escape with their lives, will have to retire to Austria, his mother's country, and Spain will be ruled either by DON CARLOS or by the Socialists. Immediately this is most unfortunate, but it is evident, however, that if Spain is ever to secure a stable government, and the prosperity that its natural resources warrant, there must be first a general crash. It is a great pity that there is such a total lack of common-sense and common prudence in the Spanish character. People who are capable of thinking and reasoning clearly would, in the situation in which the Spaniards now find themselves, yield and stop the war; but the Spaniards insist upon being killed and destroyed after certain heroic or mock-heroic death-throes, with the result of threatening a drawn-out war with the United States and continued danger that hostilities will break out in Europe.

GOVERNOR BLACK, as we have already stated, has done unusually well at this session of the Legislature, and we are glad to welcome any sign that he gives of a desire to break the old partnership between CROKER and PLATT. It was with great pleasure that we learned of his permitting the ELDRIDGE railroad bill to fail for lack of his signature. This railroad bill was passed in the interests of the surface railroads of New York and vicinity, and against the interests of the community. It permitted the laying of four tracks in Amsterdam Avenue. It revived a number of dead charters in the suburbs, and, more than all, it changed the law of evidence so that, if it had become a law, the companies would not have been obliged to show their privileges in defence of the charge that they were invading the streets without right. The burden of proof was thrown upon the property-owners, and, generally, the bill provided large and liberal facilities for street-grabbing by surface railroads, and for the overthrow of safeguards which the new charter is supposed to have thrown about the streets of the greater city. In permitting this bill to die, Governor BLACK has not only performed a service to the city of New York, but has struck a blow at the bosses, who live mainly upon their power to sell just such favors as were contemplated by this measure to corporations that are willing to buy them.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE "OPEN DOOR."

IT seems to be thought that we are facing new international problems, and that the republic of WASHINGTON is about to abandon or qualify permanently the advice of WASHINGTON as to its proper relations with the rest of the world. Whether this be true or not, we are at this moment engaged in a war which is actually in conflict with our historical and traditionary attitude; which, if not directly opposed to the MONROE doctrine, is, in fact, contrary to the intent and meaning of the framers and expounders of that doctrine, because, at least, of our interference in the domestic affairs of another and friendly country. Whether that interference is justifiable on other grounds is another question which has been settled. We are at war in order to put an end to cruelty and barbarity practised by Spain upon her colonists in Cuba, and there is nothing for Americans to do but to struggle harmoniously and vigorously for the accomplishment of that. The question whether or not we shall henceforth, and partly in consequence of this step, adopt new relations to the world is one that is pressing upon us. Mr. OLNEY has asserted that we must abandon our deliberately chosen isolation; that we must bear our part and perform the duties that devolve upon us as one of the leading members of the family of nations; that the world has changed since WASHINGTON's day, and that one of the most important changes, as bearing upon the question of our proper international attitude, is the enormous growth of the United States—a fact which meets an argument that was of great force in determining WASHINGTON to advise his countrymen against entangling alliances.

It is somewhat difficult to follow those who advise us to take an active and aggressive part in the business of the world, because all of them, including Mr. OLNEY and Captain MAHAN, are indefinite. They talk from out the shadows of what they vaguely call our international duties, or, when they are most practical, they dwell upon the necessity of protecting our commercial interests. They are difficult to comprehend; but what is evident is that a strong and promising effort is being made

to tempt the United States into that family of nations which for nearly a generation have been arming themselves against a possible conflict—a conflict which is perhaps being stirred up by the war now in progress between ourselves and Spain. This, at least, is clear, and it is also clear that if we yield to the temptation we must enter the family as the friend of Great Britain. This consideration makes the temptation very attractive to a good many sensible American minds that are not at all moved by sentiment, but that recognize that Great Britain is our only European friend in the present emergency; that all the other Continental powers are bitterly hostile to us; and that the interests of the United States and Great Britain are practically the same.

Before we go further in the direction in which we are possibly starting, it will be well to consider in its true light the proposition that is made to the country. There is no danger, of course, that we shall make an alliance with Great Britain because the two peoples are of the same race, or because they speak the same language, or because their notions touching civil liberty are the same. A good deal could be written and said to show that, substantially, we are not of the same race, and that a very large percentage of our population speak English with an accent, or come from parents who do not, or who did not, speak it at all. And this may be entirely consistent, on the other hand, with the fact that the dominating influence here is American of the kind that receives its inspiration from English ancestry and English history. Being that, whatever alliance we may make with Great Britain will be for the advancement of our own interests, in consideration of what we may do for the advancement of the interests of Great Britain. And this is as it should be. No other alliance would be real or mutually beneficial. We are invited, then, into the family of nations—that is, of nations having probable belligerent relations—as the ally of Great Britain for the promotion of commerce and for the extension of the principles of free trade. We are to help maintain the policy of the "open door," a policy which is now peculiarly British, and in behalf of which Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH has said that England would contend in China to the point of incurring war.

To this point in our history we have been consistent in the maintenance of our isolation. We have refused to participate either in the burdens and responsibilites or in the profits and privileges of free international intercourse. Our policy has been to make war upon the very commerce and the very principle which we are now asked to help maintain and extend. Even in the existing emergency, when we are actually engaged in an international conflict, and when English public men and London newspapers are inviting us to contend for the "open door," our House of Representatives has passed a bill emphasizing its hostility to commerce by increasing the tonnage tax on foreign shipping—a tax that will, of course, bear most heavily upon the shipping of Great Britain. As is well known, the WEEKLY does not favor the closed door, and we believe that the time is coming, and that it has even now begun its approach, when the policy of the "open door" will be as vital to the interests of our manufacturers as it is to those of our farmers and of the manufacturers of Great Britain. Having deliberately chosen, however, the policy of the closed door, we are asked to protest with all our force and vigor against the application of that policy by Russia, France, and Germany to China. We are asked to be the ally of the power against which we erect the barriers of custom-houses, in order that the erection of European barriers in Asia may be prevented. We believe that nothing would so conduce to our greatness as a nation and our prosperity as a people than the abandonment of our commercial isolation, and we do not believe that such abandonment would necessarily be followed by a plunge into hostilities, or by the adoption by this country of a colonial policy for the proper conduct of which this country is eminently unfit. On the contrary, we believe that an alliance between Great Britain and the United States in defence of the policy of the "open door" would make for the peace of the world, and that the expansion and spread of the free-trade policy would render unnecessary the further extension of the colonial policy which has cost Great Britain so much, but which can now be made of such enormous value to the English-speaking peoples, and to the world, if the proffered opportunity is taken advantage of.

The question for this country to decide is, is it ready for all this? The main accomplishment is to be the spread of commerce, its larger liberty, and the destruction of the shackles which have been placed upon it by us and by the Continental nations of Europe, against whose operations in China we are asked to contend as the ally of Great Britain. If we are to join in a crusade for the "open door," shall we not first open our own door? Our isolation, be it remembered, is not confined to our aloofness from the territorial and colonial quarrels of the rest of the world. We isolate ourselves from friendly commercial intercourse. Before we engage, then, in an undertaking which will unite us with other countries and other powers in armed conflicts, shall we not give evidence of our willingness to welcome to our ports the merchant-ships of other countries whose ports, in turn, we would like to have thrown open to our own merchant marine? Are we ready for this wider intercourse? Are we prepared to do our full part for the maintenance of the "open door"? Until we are so prepared, is it not a contradiction in terms to suggest that we have duties to perform for the protection of a friendly intercourse which we reject? Are we really thinking of an alliance with Great Britain in order to force her policy upon China against a policy which we preserve at home? If we are to change our course, let us change it logically, and let us not be struggling for the "open door" in China while we are forging new bolts for our own closed door in America.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Monday, May 2.—A despatch from Manila this morning confirms the news of the naval battle received last night from Spanish sources. Commodore Dewey's squadron entered Manila Bay, and at five o'clock yesterday morning the vessels took up their positions in line of battle. The forts opened fire on our ships at long range. The Spanish war-ships anchored off Cavité, the fortified arsenal in Manila Harbor, immediately followed with their heavy guns. The flag-ship *Olympia* then signalled the rest of the American fleet to close in, and for thirty minutes the guns of all calibres were used. Next, withdrawing his vessels beyond the range of the smaller guns, Dewey poured shells from his big guns upon the Spaniards during a little more than a quarter of an hour. The enemy, though greatly weakened, continued to reply. Dewey therefore closed in again, and the rapid, incessant cannonading was renewed. The Spanish vessels were silenced, one of them sinking, and three, including Admiral Montojo's flag-ship, the *Reina Cristina*, catching fire, Admiral Montojo transferred his flag to the *Isla de Cuba*. Then the land batteries, under a still fiercer bombardment, were also silenced in their turn. Our loss was—none killed, and but six wounded, and our ships escaped serious injury. The Spaniards fought bravely, losing two commanders and having seven hundred men killed or wounded. All their war-ships, eleven in number, were destroyed. Demanding the surrender of the city and fortifications, and being met by refusal, Dewey notified Captain-General Augusti that a bombardment of the city would begin at 11.30 o'clock on Tuesday morning. Communication with Manila has been interrupted by the cutting of the cable at a point about forty miles from shore, and no further news of the fleet is expected before the end of the week.

A despatch from Madrid reports a significant utterance in the House of Deputies on Saturday. Señor Silvela, in the course of a speech which has made a profound impression, declared that, as the Cuban problem was now reduced to a question of honor for the Spanish arms, it behooved the ministers to decide when honor had been satisfied.

Tuesday, May 3.—Spanish Cortes reassembled. The opening session was marked by scenes of great excitement. In the Chamber of Deputies Señor Salmeron, Republican leader, demanded of the government an explanation of the defeat in the Philippines. He declared it would be "necessary to establish the responsibility attaching to the crown." Prime-Minister Sagasta, replying, appealed to the House to sink partisanship. Carlists and Republicans were violent, threatening Sagasta and insulting the ministers. Further disorder in the evening. Admiral Bermejo, Minister of Marine, was howled down by Republican members.

Wednesday, May 4.—The vessels of Rear-Admiral Sampson's fleet—the flag-ship *New York*, the battle-ships *Iowa* and *Indiana*, the Monitor *Puritan*, the cruisers *Cincinnati*, *Detroit*, and *Marblehead*, and the torpedo-gunboat *Mayflower*, which have been taking on a full supply of coal at Key West, sailed this morning.

President McKinley sent to Congress a long list of army nominations, including the names of Fitzhugh Lee, Representative Wheeler of Alabama, J. H. Wilson of Delaware, and Senator Sewell of New Jersey—all civilians, and all to be major-generals.

Reports of riot and disorder are received from many places in Spain.

Cuban Parliament inaugurated in Havana by Captain-General Blanco with much pomp and enthusiastic demonstrations on the part of the Autonomists.

Lord Salisbury addressed the annual meeting of the Primrose League in London. Weak states, he observed, were becoming weaker, and the strong states stronger; and he pointed out, as an inevitable result of that process, that the "living nations" would gradually encroach upon the territory of "dying states." The reference in the phrase "dying states" was taken to include both Spain and China, and was hotly resented at Madrid.

Thursday, May 5.—Disturbances caused by the high price and scarcity of food in the Spanish provinces.

Saturday, May 7.—Despatch from Commodore Dewey received, *via* Hong-kong: "Squadron uninjured; only few men were slightly wounded." Sent from Manila by the *Hugh McCulloch*.

Commodore Dewey reports that he destroyed six Spanish cruisers, three gunboats, one armored transport, and one other vessel.

It was he who cut the cable. He has everything under his control, but wants more men. Thanks of the American people cabled by the President.

WAITING FOR THE WORD.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

TAMPA, *May 5, 1898.*

PERHAPS the word will have been received before this letter meets the public eye. Certainly such is the devoted wish of all those whose residence at Tampa is a matter of circumstance rather than of choice. Not that Tampa is intolerable, but it is so wearisome. It has attractions, even though they appeal more to those seeking absolute rest and a persistent sun. To those of us who have come booked and eager for the exhilaration of warfare, which we were led to believe was to begin at once, the inaction of the present and the uncertainty of the future that envelop this sunbaked rendezvous are wellnigh insufferable. Nor have we civilians even the poor consolation of an immediate environment that is warlike. The camp of the infantry is about three miles from the hotel, while the artillery and cavalry are at Port Tampa, nine miles away.

Here, at the hotel, where are quartered Generals Shafter and Wade, their staffs, and the mighty army of war-correspondents, there is nothing during the day to suggest that the United States and Spain are at war.

The only warlike sound within my hearing during the day is the type-writer in the Adjutant-General's office, which is the room adjoining mine. There is always the click, click, click, even late into the night, and occasionally the muffled voices of line-officers, who have come to pay their respects to the general commanding, and linger to pump his aide of any information obtainable on the proposed invasion of Cuba.

But at night one might, only for the absence of women, fancy one's self at Old Point Comfort. There are the halls, and the office, and the bar, filled as you remember them, with officers in uniform; you recognize the same gray heads, reciting the stories of their valorous deeds to awestruck civilians and envious second-lieutenants just escaped from West Point. Here comes an artillery officer whose presence of mind and cool nerve once saved battery so-and-so; and there, just going through the door, is a cavalry captain who, on a certain occasion, kept his troops from being swallowed up out West; and all around you re-echoes the old familiar salutation, "Well, here's how."

Upstairs on the veranda a regimental band is playing—a good band too, and Tampa seems to have sent all its Cuban men and women to applaud the alternative rendition of national and Cuban airs. It is the hour of the Cuban maiden and the American officer. Whether or not they speak in a common tongue is immaterial. *Cuba libre* is the introductory note, and the band and the insinuating semi-tropical air do the rest. If our inclinations lie in the way of ingratiation with the gentler sex, and you have no brass buttons on your coat, you might as well be in Jersey City or in Madrid. It matters not what the civilian has done, it is enough that he is a civilian. The supreme concern here is not what a man has done, but what he expects to do.

The life here changes not from day to day as we wait for the word to move. There is the repeated visit to the several camps in the vague hope that something new may develop, and yet with the full conviction that only from Washington may anything new be expected. The only people here who seem to be thoroughly enjoying themselves are the Cubans. They appear able to extract more excitement out of boredom than any people I have yet fallen among. If you were not irremediably convinced that Havana is three hundred and fifty miles from here, you might be led into believing that a Cuban force was to march against the Spaniards on the outskirts of Tampa.

The Cuban is the only warlike figure on the otherwise immediate pastoral landscape, and is therefore something of a diversion. In groups of two, three, a dozen, or more he is to be found all over the town, sometimes standing on the sidewalk corners denouncing Spain and deflecting pedestrian travel into the heat and dust of the middle of the street, sometimes riding up and down the half-dozen blocks of the main thoroughfare, exhibiting his new insurgent uniform and his indifference to the stares of the Cuban girls on the sidewalks. If you tramp through the ankle-deep sand to the outskirts of the town, where the cigar manufacturers are clustered, you will find fewer individuals parading and blocking the streets, but a greater number of flags, Old Glory above the Cuban, nailed to the gate-posts and the veranda pillars.

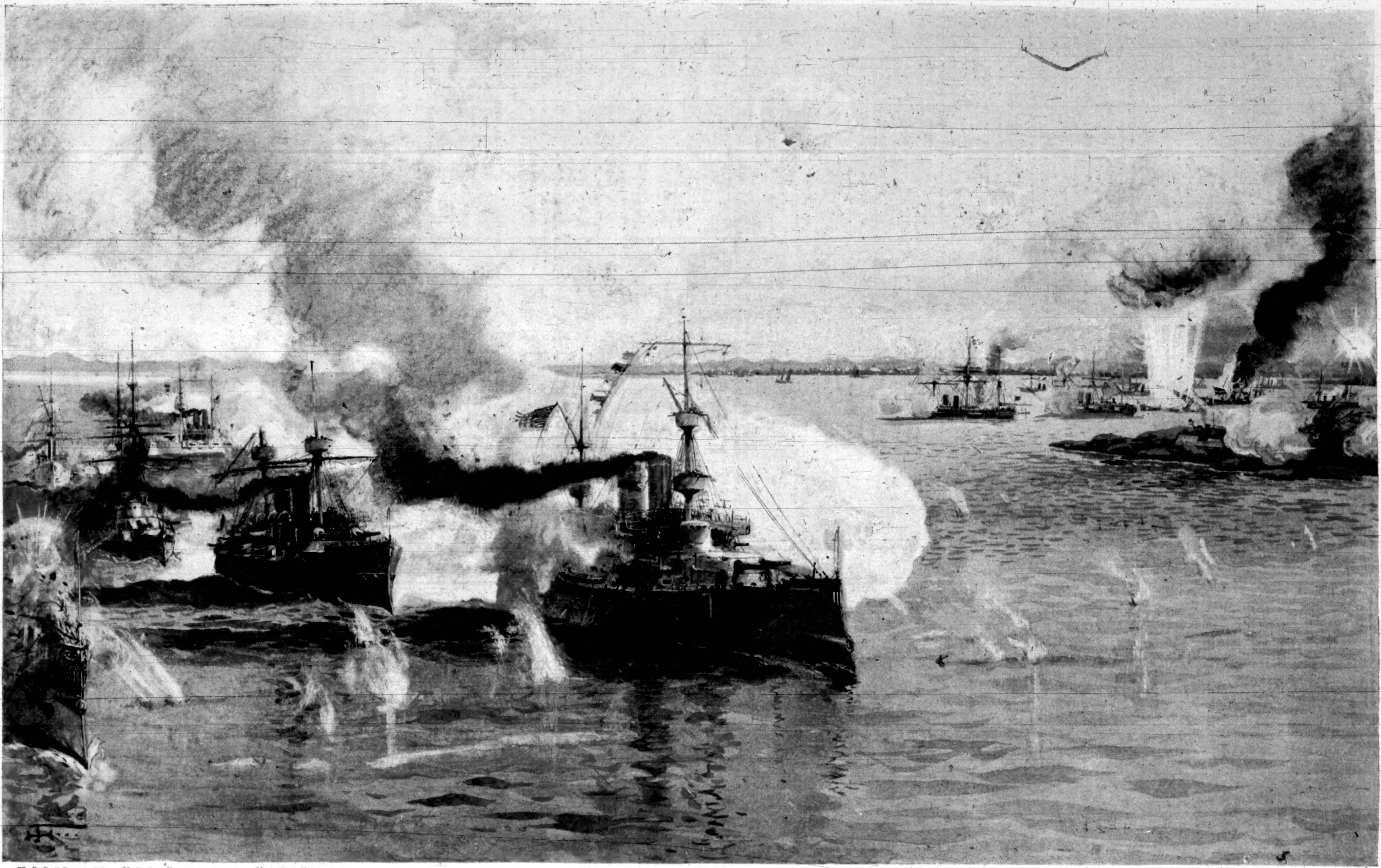
When night falls the hotel becomes the common rendezvous. Cuban women come over and sing "La Paloma" and other songs of a more or less Latin extraction, while the volunteers render Gomez invaluable service on the veranda, just the other side of the military band, where the girls sit, or vanquish Blanco and all the Spanish hosts down below where Scotch or rye or Bourbon is served to belligerents or pacificos with equal promptitude—provided they have the price.

As for Tampa, the town, it has never seen such prosperous days. Franklin, the main, and, in fact, the only street of consequence, is thronged early and late and at all time. Those who have no business obstruct the wooden sidewalks while they discuss the good luck of those that have. Meantime a stream of local idlers of both sexes wanders from bulletin-board to news-stand, and from news-stand to soda-water fountain. None is so lowly as to be hailed less than a major, and one need but listen to the modest statements advanced at the many corner lyceums to realize what an abundance of military genius is wasting its life here among the orange-groves and the sand-fleas of Florida unappreciated by the War Department.

But all this is from the superficial and more or less facetious view point. There is another and a more serious side to the agitation of Tampa. As in all commotions, the greatest tumult is on the surface. Looking upon Tampa town, one might if unaccustomed to such scenes reasonably expect to find the military camps in a literal whirl of preparation, of drilling, of manœuvring, and, in leisure moments, of discussion. But as a matter of fact, the camps are the most quiet and undisturbed places in this vicinity—next to the immediate surroundings of the hotel—where Mr. Plant's pet peacock is resting its voice.

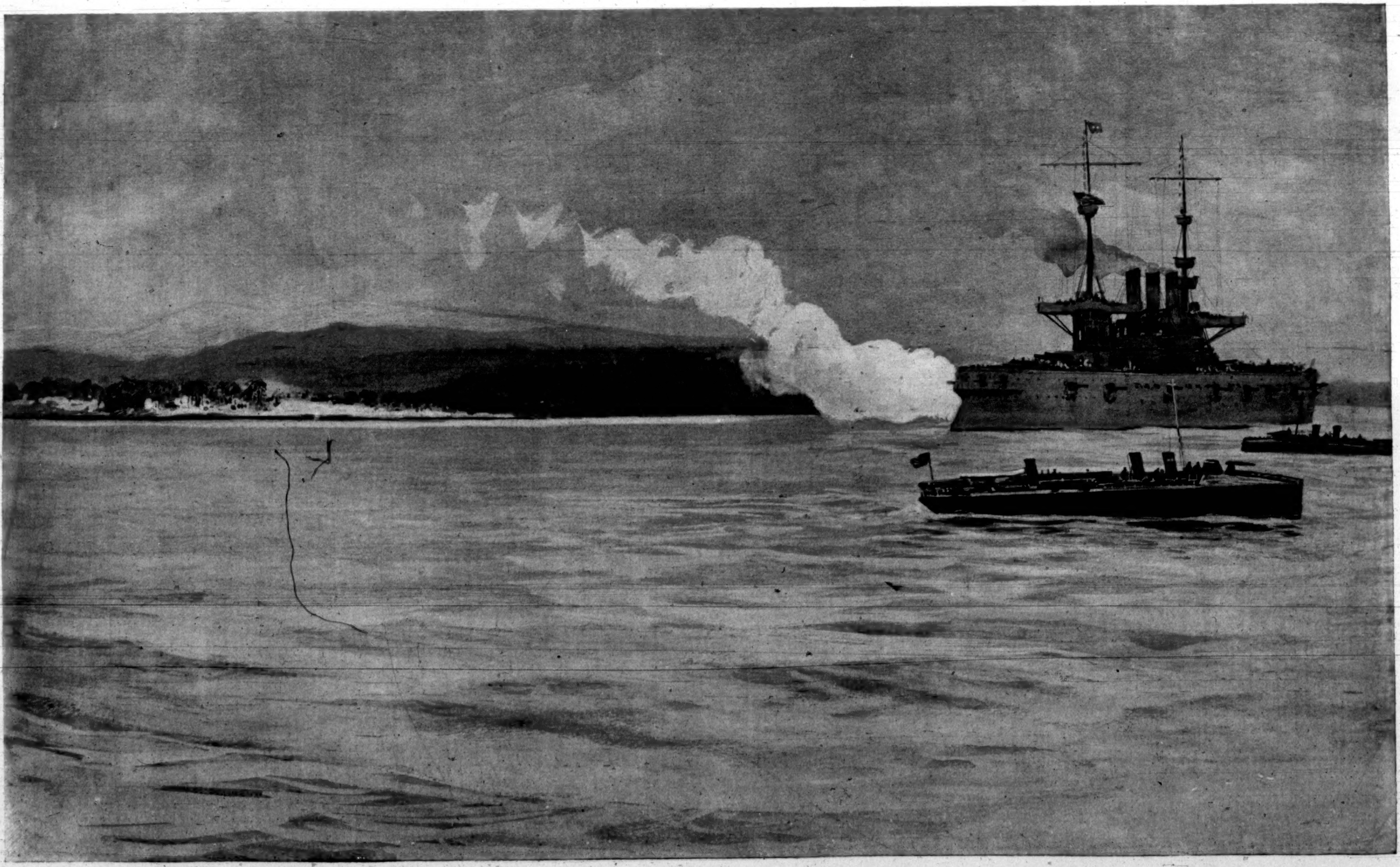
As I have said, there are two camps—one for the infantry and one for the artillery and cavalry. If you visit

(*Continued on page 474.*)



THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

Drawn by Harry Fenn from the Descriptions of the Conflict telegraphed from Manila and Hong-Kong.—[See Page 459.]



ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLAG-SHIP, THE U. S. ARMORED CRUISER "NEW YORK," FIRING ON A COAST-GUARD OF SPANISH CAVALRY, OFF CABAÑAS, APRIL 29.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly," with the Blockading Fleet.

WIGWAGS FROM THE BLOCKADE.

Modern war is supposed to be rapid, and we Americans think "time is money," but this war seems to be the murder of time, the slow torture of opportunity.

For seven long days and nights I have been steaming up and down on the battle-ship *Iowa*, ten miles off the harbor of Havana. Nothing happened. The *Mayflower* got on the land side of a British tramp and warned her off, and a poor Spanish fishing-schooner from Progreso, loaded with rotting fish, was boarded by a boat's crew from us. When the captain saw the becutlassed and bepistolled "tars" he became badly rattled, and told the truth about himself. A Spaniard has to be surprised into doing this. He had been many days out, his ice was gone, and his fish were "high." He wanted to make Havana, telling the boarding-officer that the people of Havana were very hungry. He had been boarded five times off the coast by our people; so the lieutenant—who had just gotten out of bed, by-the-way—told him to take his cargo of odors out into the open sea, and not to come back again.

The appalling sameness of this pacing-up and down before Havana works on the nerves of every one, from Captain to cook's police. We are neglected; no one comes to see us. All the Key West trolley-boats run to the Admiral's flag, and we know nothing of the outside. We speculate on the Flying Squadron, the *Oregon*, the army, and the Spanish. I have an impression that I was not caught young enough to develop a love of the sea, which the slow passage of each day re-enforces. I have formed a habit of damning the army for its procrastination, but in my heart of hearts I yearn for it. I want to hear a "shave-tail" bawl; I want to get some dust in my throat; I want to kick the dewy grass, to see a sentry pace in the moonlight, and to talk the language of my tribe. I resist it; I suppress myself; but my homely old first love comes to haunt me, waking and sleeping—yes, even when I look at this mountain of war material, this epitome of modern science, with its gay white officers, who talk of London, Paris, China, and Africa in one breath. Oh, I know I shall fall on the neck of the first old "dough-boy" or "yellow-leg" I see, and I don't care if he is making bread at the time!

The Morro light has been extinguished, but two powerful searches flash back and forth across the sky. "Good things to sail by," as the navigator says. "We can put them out when the time comes." Another purpose they serve is that "Jackie" has something to swear at as he lies by his loaded gun—something definite, something material, to swear at. Also, two small gunboats developed a habit of running out of the harbor—not very far, and with the utmost caution, like a boy who tantalizes a chained bear. And at places in the town arises smoke.

"What is it?" asks the captain of marines.

"Big tobacco-factories working over-time for us," replies Doctor Crandell.

I was taken down into the machinery of the ship. I thought to find in it some human interest. Through mile after mile of underground passages I crawled and scrambled and climbed amid wheels going this way and rods plunging that, with little electric lights to make holes in the darkness. Men stood about in the overpowering blasts of heat, sweating and greasy and streaked with black—grave, serious persons of superhuman intelligence—men who have succumbed to modern science, which is modern life. Daisies and trees and the play of sunlight mean nothing to these—they know when all three are useful, which is enough. They pulled the levers, opened and shut cocks, showered coal into the roaring white hells under the boilers; hither and yon they wandered, bestowing motherlike attentions on rod and pipe. I talked at them, but they developed nothing except preoccupied professionalism. I believe they fairly worship this throbbing mass of mysterious iron; I believe they love this bewildering power which they control. Its problems entrance them; but it simply stuns me. At last when I stood on deck I had no other impression but that of my own feebleness, and, as I have said, felt rather stunned than stimulated. Imagine a square acre of delicate machinery plunging and whirling and spitting, with men crawling about in its demon folds! It is not for me to tell you more.

Don't waste your sympathy on these men belowdecks—they will not thank you; they will not even understand you. They are "modern"—are better off than "Jackie" and his poor wandering soul—they love their iron baby, so leave them alone with their joy. Modern science does not concern itself about death.

The *Iowa* will never be lost to the nation for want of care. By night there are dozens of trained eyes straining into the darkness, the searches are ready to flash, and the watch on deck lies close about its shotted guns. Not a light shows from the loom of the great battle-ship. Captain Evans sits most of the time on a perch upon the bridge, forty feet above the water-line. I have seen him come down to his breakfast at eight bells with his suspenders hanging down behind, indicating that he had been jumped out during the night.

The executive officer, Mr. Rogers, like the machinery down below, never sleeps. Wander where I would about the ship, I could not sit a few moments before Mr. Rogers would flit by, rapid and ghostlike—a word here, an order there, and eyes for everybody and everything. Behind, in hot pursuit, came stringing along dozens of men hunting for Mr. Rogers; and this never seemed to let up—midnight and mid-day all the same. The thought of what it must be is simply horrible. He has my sympathy—nervous prostration will be his reward—yet I greatly fear the poor man is so perverted, so dehumanized, as positively to like his life and work.

Naval officers are very span in their graceful uniforms, so one is struck when at "quarters" the officers commanding the turrets appear in their "dungaree," spotted and soiled. The *Iowa* has six turrets, each in charge of an officer responsible for its guns and hoisting-gear, delicate and complicated. In each turret is painted, in a sort of Sam Weller writing, "Remember the *Maine*." The gun-captains and turret-men acquire a strange interest and pride in their charges, hanging about them constantly.

Two gun-captains in the forward turret used to sit on the great brown barrels of the 12-inch rifles just outside the posts, guarding them with jealous care; for it is a "Jackie" trick to look sharply after his little spot on shipboard, and to promptly fly into any stranger who defiles it in any way. At times these two men popped back into their holes like prairie-dogs. It was their hope and their home, that dismal old box of tricks, and it may be their grave. I was going to die with them there, though I resolutely refused to live with them. However, the *Iowa* is unsinkable and unlickable, and the hardware on the forward turret is fifteen inches thick, which is why I put my brand on it. So good luck to Lieutenant Van Duzer and his merry men!

"Jackie," the prevailing thing on a man-of-war, I fail to comprehend fully. He is a strong-visaged, unlicked cub, who grumbles and bawls and fights. He is simple, handy, humorous, and kind to strangers, as I can testify. The nearest he ever comes to a martial appearance is when he lines up at quarters to answer "Here!" to his name, and there is just where he doesn't martialize at all. He comes barefooted, hat on fifty ways, trousers rolled up or down, and everything blowing wide. He scratches his head or stands on one foot in a ragged line, which grins at the spectators in cheerful heedlessness, and he looks very much gratified when it is all over. His hope is for a bang-up sea-fight, or two roaring days of shore liberty, when he can "tear up the peach" with all the force of his reckless muscularity.

The marine, or sea-soldier, has succumbed to modern conditions, and now fights a gun the same as a sailor-man. He manages to retain his straight-backed discipline, but is overworked in his twofold capacity. This "soldier and sailor too" is a most interesting man to talk to, and I wish I could tell some of his stories. He marches into the interior of China or Korea to pull a minister out of the fire—thirty or forty of him against a million savages, but he gets his man. He lies in a jungle hut on the isthmus or a "dobie" house on the West Coast while the microbes and the "dogoes" rage.

But it's all horribly alike to me, so I managed to desert. The *Cushing*, torpedero, ran under our lee one fine morning, and I sneaked on board, bound for the flag-ship—the half-way station between us and Cayo Hueso. We plunged and bucked about in the roaring waves of the Gulf, and I nearly had the breakfast shaken out of me. I assure you that I was mighty glad to find the lee of the big cruiser *New York*.

On board I found that the flag-ship had had some good sport the day previous shelling some working parties in Matanzas. Mr. Zogbaum and Richard Harding Davis had seen it all, note-book in hand. I was stiff with jealousy; but it takes more than one fight to make a war—so here is hoping!

Frederic Remington.

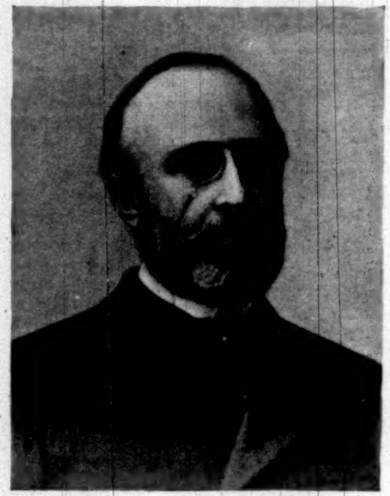
THIS BUSY WORLD

It is a pity to be grown up in war-times. The years of indiscretion are at a premium just now. See how the college boys enjoy our present distressful complications! It is the only war any one of them has ever seen, and they are all prompt to make the most of it. Mature persons who overhear the war talk of students are impressed by its enthusiasm, not to say ferocity. How the college boys drill! How ready they are to contemplate the idea of enlisting! How disregardful they are of the hazard of leaving their livers on a foreign shore! How they holler when there is victory! Staid persons who celebrated the battle of Manila by taking a second cup of coffee for breakfast as they read the newspaper ought to be sorry that they were not at New Haven, where, the paper says, the Yale students, roused from sleep by the cries of newsboys, tumbled out of bed by hundreds, and, clad in pajamas and night-shirts, swarmed about the college-yard, and thence to the city common, where, still scantily draped, they frantically supervised the firing of a salute from a one-pounder, under control of an officer of the Connecticut Naval Reserve. That was the way to feel about Dewey's victory; but grown-ups, worse luck, don't feel like that about anything.

Señor Silvela, whose portrait graces this page, is the member of the Spanish Cortes whose speech, made in the Cortes on April 30, has been widely discussed, and has been a basis for hope of the early conclusion of the war. He said he thought that war with the United States was only a question of honor; that Spain, by granting autonomy in Cuba, had given up all her rights there that were worth anything; that the army and navy would certainly defend her honor heroically, but that it was the duty of the Cortes to interfere the moment the duel had gone far enough for honor to be satisfied. Commodore Dewey's victory, following close upon the disclosure of these wise sentiments, seems to give the occasion for action in the Cortes in accordance with their spirit. There is no sign of it yet, however, for all the news from Spain is of extreme confusion and the substitution of emotion for common-sense.

Señor Silvela, as his portrait shows him, will not seem to the Weekly's readers to look like a Spaniard. He looks like a man of discernment and well-balanced faculties, and quite as much like a New-Englander, or any other species of enlightened American, as Mr. Dingley does, or Mr. Boutelle, or Mr. Lodge.

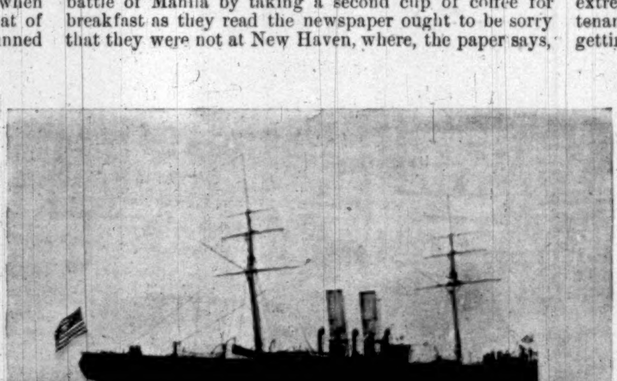
Our other Spanish contemporaries, whose pictures are here given, are all good-looking men. Admiral Villamil, who commands the Spanish torpedo squadron, looks less like an American than Señor Silvela, but the outside of him is certainly ingratiating, whatever sentiments his mind may harbor. As for Admiral Cervera, who commands the Cape Verde squadron, we must all hope that, whatever scrape his ships may get into, no serious personal disaster may overtake a sea-dog so benevolent and cheery.



SEÑOR SILVELA,
Spanish Conservative Leader.

In the absence of details of Commodore Dewey's fight, no American naval officers are known as yet to have had a severer experience since the war began than Lieutenant J. J. Knapp and Assistant-Surgeon Henry La Motte, who brought the *Topeka* from Falmouth, England, to New York. They were the only naval officers aboard the vessel. They had very bad weather, bad coal, and a mutinous crew, and, besides, ran the risk of being captured by Spanish cruisers. The *Topeka* left Falmouth April 19, and reached New York on the morning of May 1, with her two officers pretty nearly on their last legs from anxiety, effort, and loss of sleep.

The *Topeka*, whose portrait is here given, was formerly the *Diogenes*, and was built in England for Peru in 1883. Peru failed to pay for her, and she was bought for the United States on April 3. She is 250 feet long, 35 feet in extreme breadth, and draws 21 feet 9 inches, and Lieutenant Knapp thinks she can make 18 knots. She is now getting ready for war, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.



U. S. CRUISER "TOPEKA," FORMERLY "DIOGENES," BUILT FOR PERUVIAN NAVY.

As to those two bridges on the *New York*, about which there was a note in the last issue of the Weekly, the opinion is advanced by a person who assumes to have knowledge of the ways and ends of war-ships that only flag-ships have two bridges, and that the duplication is not so much to provide against the destruction of one of them in battle as to afford separate stamping-grounds for the captain of the ship and the admiral of the fleet, both of whom need to know what is going on, and each of whom has his own business to transact.

Of all periodicals, the one that is enjoying our war most is the London *Saturday Review*, which is taking this opportunity to free its mind about the Americans in general and those who have put up this fight in particular. If all the London weeklies were of this disposition we should not like it, but the *Review* so nearly has a London monopoly of that sort of censure that its deliverances promote the gayety of American readers.

In the present status of British sentiment our war news must be superlatively diverting to the average British reader. It is all about

things in which he takes the liveliest interest—war-ships, naval battles, and the management of concerns far from home. He must hug himself every morning to think that all this entertainment is provided for him without cost to himself, and that he and his are not responsible for the working out of all the complicated problems that must result from "intervention." To see Brother Jonathan bite off a huge chunk of international responsibility and proceed to masticate it—what could be more interesting than that to John Bull, who is eternally doing, or threatening to do, the same sort of thing himself, and suffering consequent indigestion in some part of his comprehensive system.

In so far as a mere civilian can understand the conditions under which some regiments of the National Guard have gone to war, their enlistment has been so contrived that the men of those regiments who wanted to go have gone and those who felt constrained to stay at home have been able to stay at home without embarrassment. What confirms this impression is that while outcries of disappointment abound from valorous persons who yearned to enlist and couldn't, there is no considerable volume of lamentation from the friends of soldiers who ought not to have gone. The complaint about the war just now, so far as soldiering is concerned, is that the supply isn't nearly equal to the demand. If another naval victory, such as at this writing is looked for, should bring the whole disturbance to an end, it would strain the resources of the country to provide adequate solace for about a hundred thousand thwarted heroes.

Let us hope that Commodore Dewey will withhold his consent absolutely from the use of his portrait for advertising patent medicines. He hails from Vermont, as we have all recently learned, and Vermont of course is proud of him. But she is sensitive about the use of her great men's pictures by advertisers. The portrait of her Governor, Josiah Grout, has lately figured in the newspapers in connection with a patent medicine, and there is reason to believe (as lately set forth in the *Evening Post*) that Vermont has not liked it. Of course it would be worth a good deal to a patent-medicine man to print Commodore Dewey's portrait with the statement, "I took your pills at Manila," or, "Admiral Montojo was much helped by the use of your nerve remedy after our fight." But that would not do. Vermont would not like it.

Vermont, by-the-way, is cutting a considerable figure in this war. If one man contributed more than any other to bring it on, it was her Senator Proctor, who went to Cuba and made a report. At this writing the man who has struck the hardest blow in it is her Commodore Dewey.

Commodore Dewey is the second, or perhaps the third, man whom we have lately seen jump into an enormous publicity in a single day. The first was Bryan, whom

ADMIRAL VILLAMIL, SPANISH NAVY.
Commanding the Torpedo Squadron.

millions of Americans had never heard of when he was nominated at Chicago. The other was Robert Fitzsimmons. But, after all, Fitzsimmons's rise was not so precipitous; for though he was world-famous the instant time was called on the prostrate Corbett, he was very well known before. Before the fight at Manila not one American in fifty could have told who commanded the Pacific squadron. Within twenty-four hours that same officer was perhaps the best-known person in the world. After all, for advertising purposes it is hard to find anything more promptly effectual than war.

Charles H. Allen, of Lowell, Massachusetts, who succeeds Mr. Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, is a graduate of Amherst of the class of 1869, and a personal friend of long standing of Secretary Long. He is fifty years old, and though of experience as a man of business, is understood to have no special knowledge of naval concerns. He has served in the Massachusetts House of Representatives and the State Senate, was a member of the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses, and was, later, an unsuccessful candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.

Mr. Roosevelt, at last accounts, had left Washington, after closing relations with the Navy Department, and rounding up recruits for his regiment of mounted riflemen. As the situation is represented in the papers, the rounding-up process consisted chiefly in heading applicants off, but out of hundreds of volunteers from New York and elsewhere in the East who offered, about twenty-five have been accepted and will join the regiment at San Antonio, whither Colonel Wood had already gone to look after its organization. The regiment is to be recruited chiefly from the far West—New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, and the adjacent districts—but report says that the troopers are being selected with great care, and that none but docile and conscientious cowboys will be let into it. Colonel Wood and Mr. Roosevelt have no mind, it seems, to undertake the control of a collection of wild men, but want recruits who are not only active, efficient, and used to life out-of-doors, but also thoroughly amenable to discipline.

Another ambitious soldier, Mr. William Astor Chanler, who hunted elephants in Africa, and wrote a good book about it, recruited a regiment in New York, as newspaper-readers know, and was most anxious to go with it wherever the government willed. Sad to say, the quota of troops that New York was authorized to contribute was so limited that there is as yet no chance for Mr. Chanler's regiment, and now we hear that, baffled in his first purpose, he has associated with himself a dozen other adventurous spirits, who have been heard of at Tampa on their way to join the insurgent Cuban army, as members of the staff of General Lacret. In war as in peace, where there's a will, and sufficient pecuniary backing to it, there seems to be a way. A man who could lead an expedition into Central Africa and get back none the worse will probably find the climate of Cuba in the rainy season salubrious and even bracing.

One of the earliest war notes was the announcement of the purpose of General Lew. Wallace to take the field. It seems that he has tried faithfully to get a chance to fight again, but thus far admits disappointment. A letter from him to a friend in Detroit has been published, in which he says that, finding no prospects of getting an appointment as General, he tried to enlist as a private, and even offered $100 for a place in the ranks, but was told that men over forty-five years old could not be accepted. "In the addition to the argument of age against me," he writes, "it is my misfortune now to have been a Major-General."

It seems pretty rough on General Wallace that he is shut out from winning further military laurels; but doubtless, when we take up the cause of the Armenians and tackle Turkey, there will be a chance for him, for he has been to Turkey, and knows the Sultan and the roads.

The *Sun* remarks with displeasure on the attitude of certain Harvard professors towards the war, and the advice publicly given by some of them, notably by Professor C. E. Norton, to their students not to enlist, for the reason that "this is an inglorious war." Professor Norton is an old man, and the old men who find satisfaction in our war with Spain are pretty scarce. It is worth noting that another influential Harvard professor, whose special knowledge makes his opinions about the war somewhat weightier than Professor Norton's, is quoted in the papers as announcing that he started out with the impression that our new war was unnecessary and ill-advised, but that upon further investigation and further thought he has changed his mind. This gentleman is Mr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of History. He finds that Spanish rule in Cuba has worried Uncle Sam off and on for nearly a century, that we have hindered Cuban freedom far more than we have helped it, and that we vetoed the likeliest attempt to get Cuba quit of Spain, because at that time it did not suit us to have the slaves in Cuba freed. Professor Hart thinks that on the whole we have been exceedingly forbearing. His investigations and conclusions are set forth at length in an article which will appear in the June number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

There is no criticism of the attitude of Harvard's president. On May 4 a meeting of students was called to take action about buying a stand of colors and some other present for the new cruiser *Harvard* (*neé Paris*). The meeting adjourned to the president's house, and Dr. Eliot, standing on his porch, said to his young men:

In the present crisis I counsel you to act with certainty, moderation, and resolution, and I urge you all to show that kind of enthusiasm which lasts by the year, as befits Harvard men, and which is capable of enduring wounds, sickness, and death for our country.

Certainly those words have no uncertain sound.

Yale is to give her cruiser two Vicar-Maxim guns. What Harvard's gift will be is not at this writing determined.

The only college lads who find it at all easy to get a chance to fight seem to be those who are already members of some organization of the National Guard. Chances for the rest of them are hardly come by. It is reported that eighteen Princeton men out of fifty who wanted to go got into Battery A of Philadelphia. Yale's Light Artillery Company failed to convince Governor Cooke that it was needed; a squad of Harvard men, including three 'varsity oarsmen, a football coach, the President of the Weld Boat Club, the Senior class poet, an editor of the *Crimson*, and two members of the college nine, are understood to have gone to Texas, with intention of breaking into Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt's cavalry regiment. Similar news items come from all the other colleges, the substance of the situation being that many feel called, but few are chosen.

Governor Pingree of Michigan protests against abuse of members of the State militia who don't volunteer. He says "the man who has a dependent family, mother, or sister should stay at home and take care of them. To volunteer is easy for the man, but hard on his dependent family. It takes more courage for a member of the National Guard to ask for his discharge than to volunteer." That is pretty sensible talk, and at the present stage of hostilities, there is nothing about it that conflicts with sincere patriotism.

One gentleman who seems to have succeeded in getting ready betimes for war is Mr. Joseph Leiter, whose adventures in the grain market of Chicago have furnished so much reading for buyers of newspapers. While the general public has not staid awake nights for fear that Mr. Leiter would lose some money, it has taken a benevolent

ADMIRAL CERVERA, SPANISH NAVY.
Commanding Cape Verde Fleet.

interest in his concerns, and has wanted to know how he was coming out. So far as the information distributed in the public prints may be trusted, it appears that he has come out, and come out considerably ahead. No authoritative report based on examination of his account-books has been published, but Chicago seems to have satisfied itself that he has sold out a large share of his wheat at prices which insured due remuneration for all the intellectual labor which his transactions involved. The report that he and his father now feel the need of recuperation and, when their labors are complete, will presently go on their travels to other continents is entirely credible, though assurance cannot here be given of its truth.

A Pennsylvania contemporary yields, somewhat indirectly, the idea that the dotted lines of the pattern-sheet supplement of HARPER'S BAZAR would give the Naval Strategy Board some excellent ideas for the courses of predatory cruisers. The country must use all its resources in times like these.

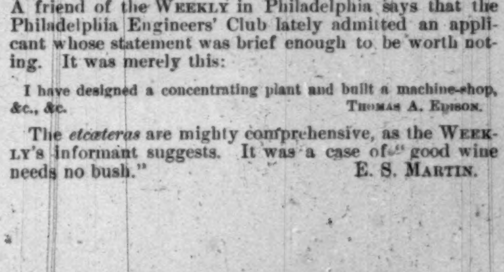
It may not be generally known that the relations between American and British civil engineers are particularly intimate and friendly. In 1889 the members of the three great American engineering societies, civil, mining, and mechanical, were invited by the civil engineer society of Great Britain to be its guests in England for a week. The invitation was accepted in such force that a steamer was chartered to carry the Americans to Liverpool. There their visit was made much of, and on the day they inspected the Liverpool docks the shipping in the harbor was decked in holiday flags in their honor. The whole entertainment was very handsomely carried out, and strongly impressed the American visitors.

The following year nearly five hundred English and German metallurgical engineers and ironmasters were entertained for a month in this country. Later the Chicago Fair brought these professional brethren together in large numbers, and since then many American railroad engineers and naval architects have attended gatherings of engineers in England.

An interesting memorial of the visit of the American engineers to England in 1889 is the silver casket which was sent a year ago Christmas to Mr. James Forrest, secretary of the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great Britain, by some of his professional friends in this country who remembered his efforts to make their visit pleasant. The accompanying picture shows the casket and its inscription,

"One root, two branches: one tongue, two flags."

The inscription admirably expresses a sentiment which was never so strong or so general as it is to-day.

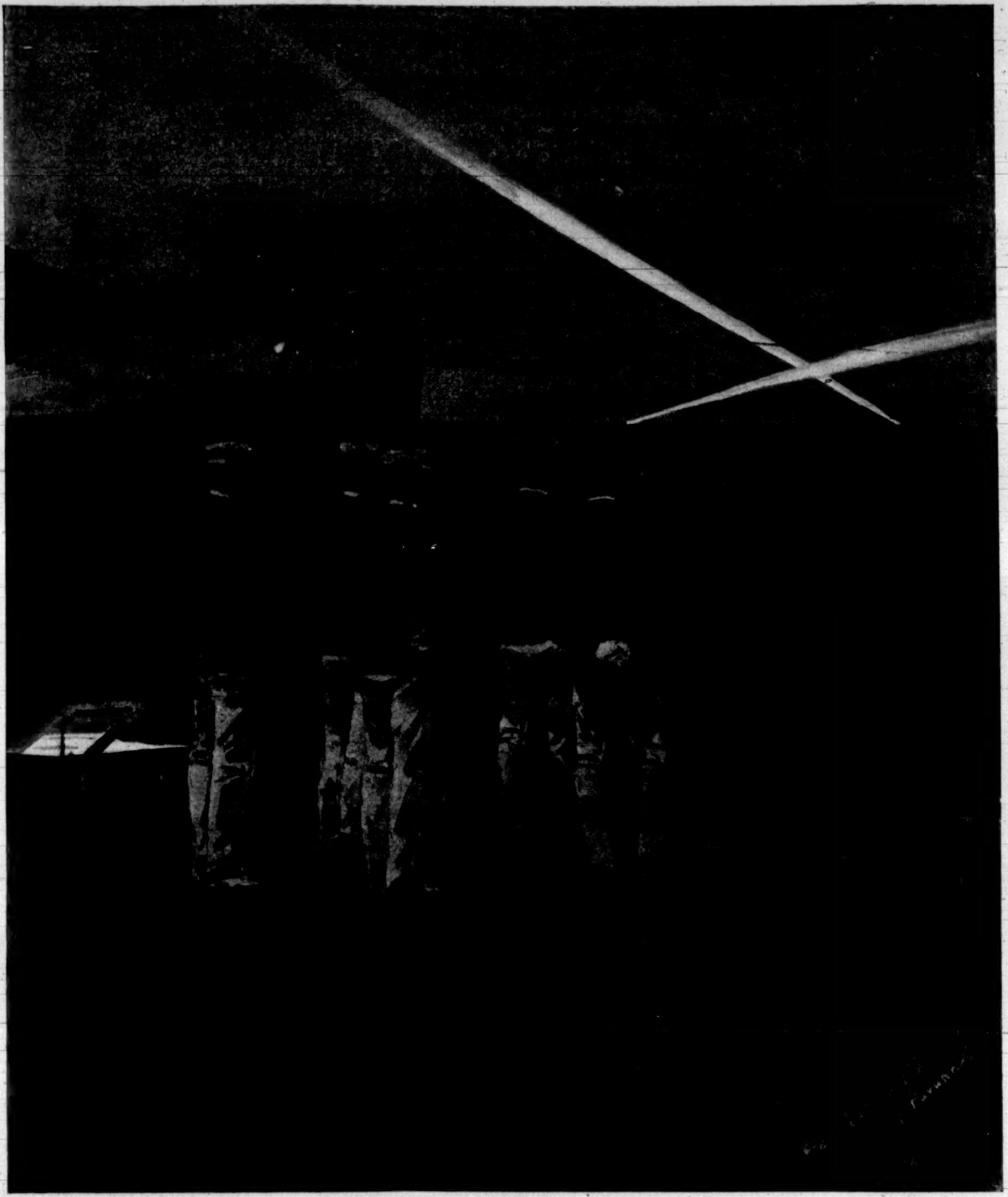


Engineers who apply for membership in Engineers' clubs usually send in with their applications a statement of the professional work which they have accomplished. A friend of the WEEKLY in Philadelphia says that the Philadelphia Engineers' Club lately admitted an applicant whose statement was brief enough to be worth noting. It was merely this:

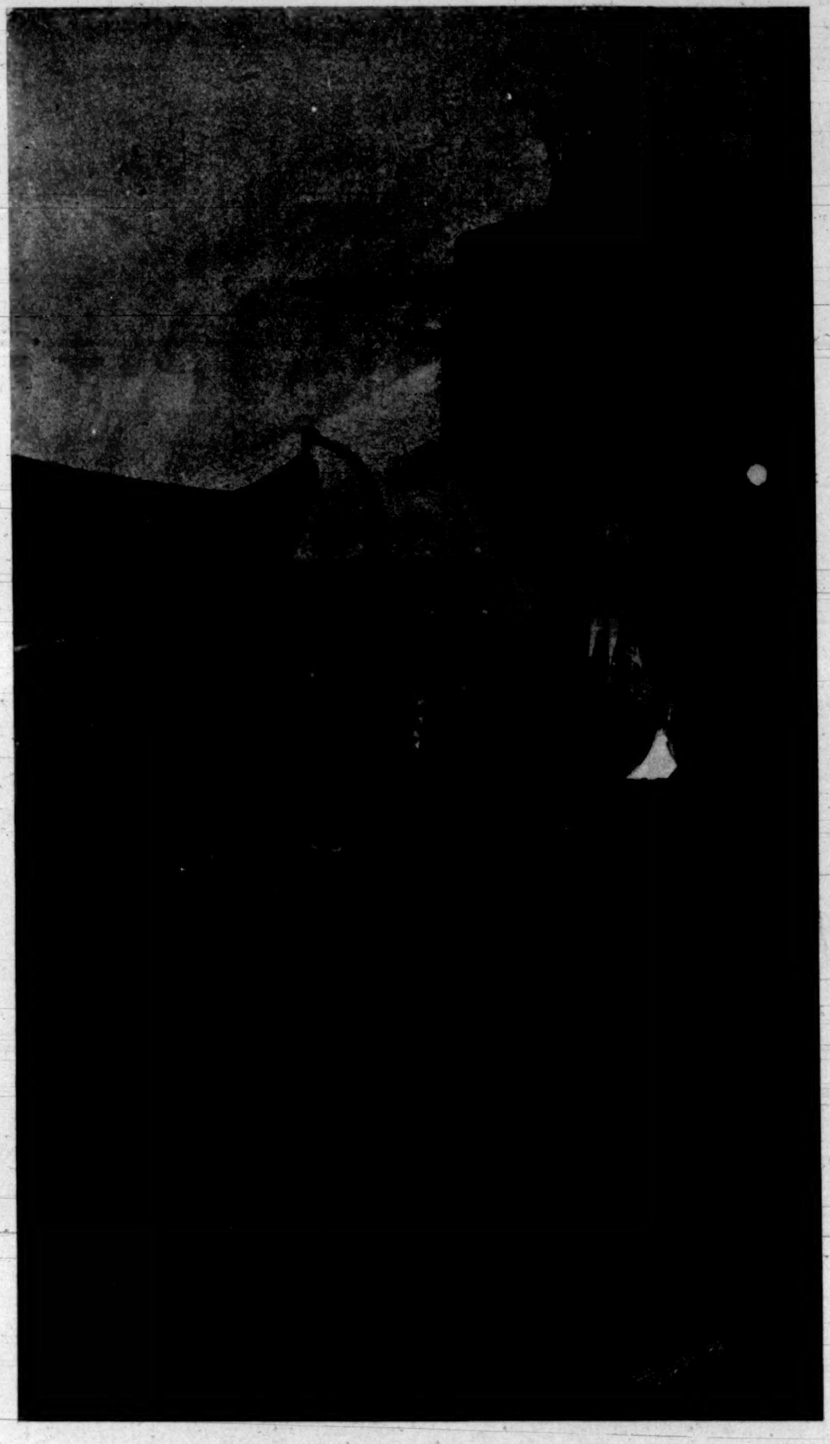
I have designed a concentrating plant and built a machine-shop, &c., &c. THOMAS A. EDISON.

The *etcæteras* are mighty comprehensive, as the WEEKLY's informant suggests. It was a case of "good wine needs no bush."

E. S. MARTIN.



WATCHING THE BIG SEARCH-LIGHTS IN HAVANA.



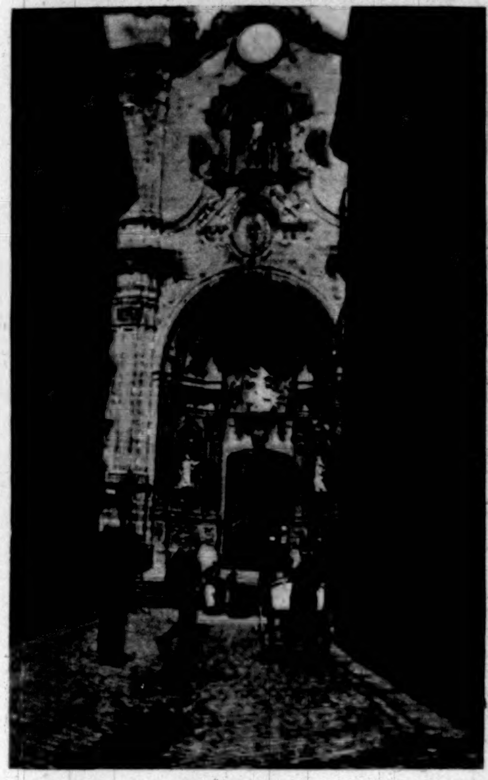
WIGWAGGING WITH A DARK LANTERN—AFTER-DECK.

WITH THE BLOCKADING FLEET, ON BOARD THE U. S. BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA."—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

I.—ON THE SPANISH FRONTIER.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.—ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.



CATHEDRAL, SAN SEBASTIAN.

IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY—FRIENDLY NATIVES.

TOWARDS the middle of March, 1898, facts as well as newspapers hinted at a breach of the peace between Spain and the United States. By a happy coincidence my health required looking after, and what more natural than a trip through Spain on a bicycle. This I broached to two equally eager souls, with the result that within forty-eight hours from our first discussion of the plan three Yankees, with bikes of Yankee make, presented themselves to a gathering of Spanish frontier guards, local police, soldiers, railway officials, and officers of the Castilian customs, to say nothing of the usual gathering of citizens in cloaks thrown across their noses, who were mendicants, hidalgos, smugglers, or brigands.

For the future cyclist in Spain, let me mention that the formalities on entering that country are not vexatious—not so bad as in Russia. At the last station of France, Hendaye, we had a lead seal affixed to each of the machines. The chief of customs politely but forcibly pointed out to us that we must on no account remove that seal, for otherwise the machine would be taxed on returning across the French frontier.

We promised cheerfully. At the time we did not anticipate that the first Spanish peasant who cleaned our bikes would carefully cut off this custom-house seal as an apparent nuisance.

Then the courtly Spanish official said he must tax our bikes according to law, just as though they were a commercial importation, but he hastened to add, smilingly, that this was a mere formality, because the amount we now paid would be refunded on taking our bikes out of the country. This seemed eminently reasonable, so we cheerfully handed over the amount, a few dollars on each machine, and proceeded to congratulate ourselves on the ease with which we had passed an ordeal which had been previously pictured to us as rather vexatious.

I may anticipate by remarking that we did not get our money refunded, because in order to do so the traveller must return by the same custom-house through which he originally entered the country. We were therefore mulcted on both frontiers; but it was well worth all we paid.

We were all anxious to spend the night in the frontier village of Irun, so as to be able to mount our wheels at the very first mile-stone from the frontier, and not miss one moment of Spanish road-side life. I made inquiries, therefore, of a highly respectable if not bishoplike looking Basque as to the inns of Irun, and was told with some warmth that they were very good, particularly the one at which he, the clerical-looking stranger, habitually stopped. I should have been more affected by the courtesy of this gentleman if I had not subsequently caught him in the act of winking at a companion, saying at the same time, "This means pesetas for me."

At Irun our newly made acquaintance was effusively useful. He carried our valises, bullied the porters, explained matters for us to the customs officers, and offered us many services, which would have been accepted as evidence of the proverbial courtesy of Spain had I not meanwhile learned that this amiable man was a professional tout between the two frontiers, living mostly by his wits at the expense of the helpless stranger.

BASQUE TYPES.

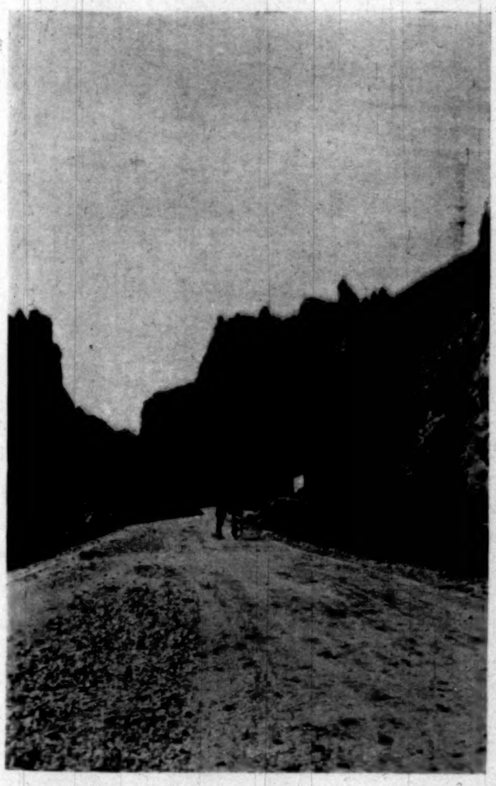
We had therefore little difficulty in persuading ourselves that, after all, a frontier town is never typical of a country, that the inns of Irun are vile, the population mostly lawless, and that we had better push on immediately to the next town, San Sebastian, which was only an hour or so further on, and which we could readily reach before bedtime. Without saying anything of my purpose to our officious friend, who was laboring fondly over our luggage in anticipation of a fat reward in the shape of his hotel bill, I purchased three tickets for San Sebastian, and left behind me on the platform of Irun a man who could not have looked sadder if he had received order to embark for Havana.

San Sebastian is the summer capital of the Spanish court and all the diplomatic world of Spain. It is so far from Madrid that the court generously makes the foreign diplomats guests of the nation during the hot season—that is to say, pays their board and lodging bills all the time it is absent from the capital. It is a most generous act, considering the state of the Spanish Treasury. Perhaps, however, the court is not altogether selfish in the matter, for Madrid in the hot months is as bad as San Antonio or Washington, and the government would rather go into bankruptcy any day than have to keep office-hours in the capital during August.

My first business, on waking up next morning in this pretty little seaport, was to climb up to the fort protecting the harbor, and see what sort of defences there were. The town played an important rôle in the early part of the century, when Wellington finally drove the forces of the great Napoleon beyond the Pyrenees. Indeed, hardly a town on the line of our bicycle ride but has been fought over, if not besieged and sacked, during the Napoleonic invasion.

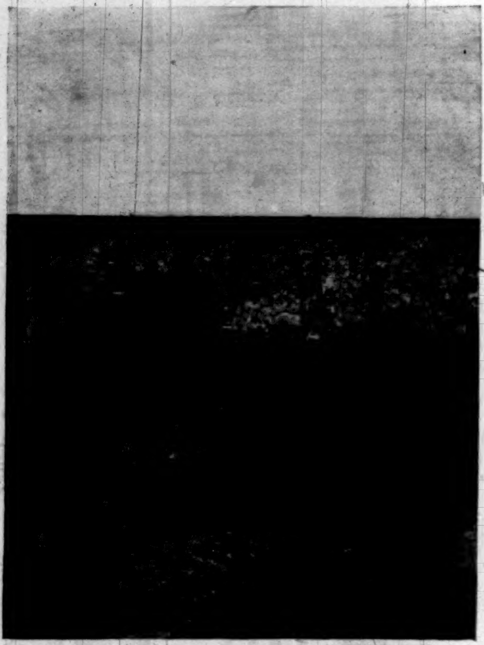
We passed three sentries in our walk, were not challenged, and no notice was taken of the camera I carried in my hands. We were watched with some curiosity, which I attributed to the fact that my two melodious companions apostrophized the blue Atlantic by singing a duet that would have disarmed a Prussian gendarme. At any rate, I noted that the first battery, after leaving the town, consisted of six muzzle-loading guns of small calibre, perhaps three-inch. They were made in 1844, and I presume are used exclusively for saluting purposes. Further on I passed six modern breech-loading Krupps, which appeared to constitute all the artillery defence of this port. There were places prepared for six more pieces, excellent positions, from which the guns had been removed many years ago—perhaps they were needed in Cuba.

We passed many tablets marking the burial-places of British officers who had been killed here in the war with Napoleon—the chiselling was clean, as though done to-day. Hard by were some of the garrison washing clothes, with whom we exchanged good-day and inquired our way about. I took a photograph in one of the bastions of the vacant gun platform, not so much for the purpose of publishing this military novelty to a curious world, as to furnish an illustration of Spanish military indifference at a time when the American press was talking of war, when



HIGH-ROAD FROM TOLOSA TO VITORIA.

FIRST DAY IN SPAIN—MY TWO COMPANIONS.



THE DEFENCES OF SAN SEBASTIAN—NO GUNS ON THE PLATFORMS.

Spanish war-ships were under way ostensibly to head off an American move in the Antilles, and when one might reasonably have expected a rigorous exclusion of civilians from all fortified places. Had we acted near any military place of France or Russia as we did at San Sebastian we would have been brought before the military governor of the place, our camera would have been confiscated, our identity would have been established, and we might have regarded ourselves as lucky if nothing worse happened than being escorted across the frontier.

But how far our immunity sprang from proverbial governmental indifference, and how far from contempt of the enemy, I cannot say.

It was our next business to learn something about the road to Tolosa and beyond, and to get started on our journey. First we visited every shop in the town suspected of harboring a map. There was no such thing to be procured. We thought there must be some mistake, so we hunted up the president of the principal cycling club in the town, called, I believe, the Veloz Club Donostiarra. We were received with every token of good-will, and shown the ample quarters of the fraternity. There were many ribbons and other trophies hung upon the walls, and we were assured that they indicated triumphs in the Spanish cycling world. The club has seventy-five members, but amongst them no names of Anglo-Saxon derivation. I counted fifty machines in excellent order, but nearly all of French and German make. There was not a single American amongst them, and only one or two English.

I asked if they did much touring. Oh yes, they were great tourists; they often went to Tolosa. I said we were bound across Spain by way of Madrid, and asked them if they could tell me where I could purchase a map. They could not. They regarded my question as they might have done a request for a chart to the moon. I asked about the Spanish Touring Club. Yes, it existed, but it had not yet published anything that could assist the cycling tourist. Then, in some discouragement of spirit, I asked if there was any member of the club who could give me some advice regarding the inns at the small places along our route, at least so far as the next large town. Oh yes, señor; we have a member who knows all the roads. So to him we went hopefully. He evidently was the proprietor of an establishment for the sale of spirituous liquor, and soon disclosed the fact that he knew nothing of the roads beyond the immediate suburbs of the town. He was the chairman of the committee on roads, and consequently looked up to as an authority by those of the club whose touring ambition was limited to a run of an afternoon. He, however, politely referred us to the committee on geography, or some such comprehensive subject, who would surely tell everything about every part of Spain, for that was his hobby.

Still optimistic, we journeyed to his home. He was a cabinet-maker, and was at his office. He knew the high-road to Tolosa; but beyond the country of the Basques he knew nothing, nor of any one who did. The beginning of our venture was therefore discouraging enough. We could procure neither maps nor information as to where we might hope for sleeping quarters on the way. We were in the enemy's country, without guide, and with only our helplessness to commend us to the good offices of the inhabitants. Our bikes proved, after all, our best passports, for they were to the average Spaniard conclusive evidence that we were of the genus known all over Europe as the "mad Englishman."

My two companions were songsters and poets—they believed in a special providence for members of their craft. George Devoll sang tenor, while Edwin Isham was barytone. No Spaniard ever suspected them of being Yankee; for the American, to their mind, is a sordid, money-loving, swaggering monster, who hates music and all things elevating. Of course we could not lie about our nationality—at least not directly. At the same time it would have been unpleasant to have had our legal residence labelled upon us. We usually evaded a direct answer; or, better still, the tuneful duo lifted up a heavenly note or two. When pressed, however, I occasionally answered that Devoll was from Boston, of English extraction, and that Isham was from Dunkirk—not necessarily New York.

The man who caught us, however, and nearly spoilt our trip, was an English non-conformist parson on a Cook's ticket at Valladolid. He was communicative, and so was Edwin. We were off our guard in the public room of the inn, and part of the talk I recall was somewhat like this:

"Was the road bad? Well, I should smile!"

"Say, George, just get on to the garlic in this tortilla!"

"You can bet your sweet life that I mean to sleep to-night; and I'm going to hit the bolster P.D.Q."

"Yes; but what's the matter with a walk around the block first?"

And so the jargon rolled colloquially after a fashion heard nowhere in England, and cultivated most assiduously by the philologist of the Bowery. The Englishman listened for a while in a state of puzzled interest, then cautiously asked of the fluent tenor, "You are American, I believe?"

"You're right there—yes, sirreebob —" George was going on to say more, when a well-directed kick under the table checked the course of inconsiderate confession, and George stammered out something about some prehistoric ancestors, which, fortunately for his soul, was not completed, for the inquisitive Englishman found that he was late for the night express. We spent that evening quaking every time the door rattled. It was lucky for us that the Englishman was in a hurry.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

[Letter and Map from the Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."]

Dawson, March 20.

To-morrow morning the last dog-team starts that will probably reach the outside world, and with it goes the only sensational news of the winter. It is equalled only by the first strike of gold in the Bonanza "Moose Pasture," and later of the big nuggets on the steep hill-side along Skookum and Eldorado.

It was the tenderfoot, or "chee-chah-ko," as he is called, who on Bonanza had not the sense to stop at bed-rock, but kept right on down, and found the rich pay. So it is a chee-chah-ko who has sunk a hole thirty-eight feet deep on an island in the Yukon itself and found rich pay. Monte Cristo is now the name of the island, and it lies on the Yukon eighteen miles above Dawson.

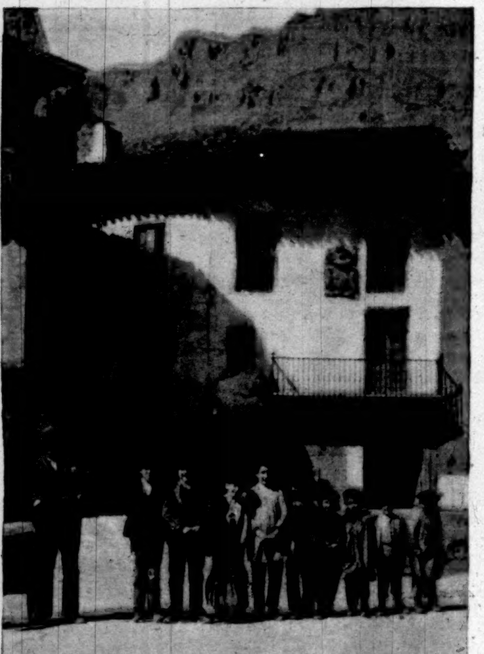
Two Norwegians went to work there in the winter cutting logs for the mills. They dug a hole in the ground to get dirt for the roof for their cabin. It occurred to them to pan out some dirt, and they found colors. They went deeper, and continued to find colors. There was nothing extraordinary in this. The banks of the Yukon and its long tributaries have long been known to contain gold, and they have afforded good pay both on Stewart River, and on Cassiar Bar in the Lewes. At the same time Dr. Bates of Portland, Oregon, and a third Norwegian, went to work, striking on a creek, as yet unnamed, close by. The four are partners. The Norwegians kept on boring until they had sunk thirty-eight feet, when they reached bed-rock. Here they made three "pans." The first contained $2 40; the second, $4 60; the third, $6 65. When they reached Dawson the Commissioner would not let them record. They then went to the office of Mr. Wade, the Crown Prosecutor, for advice. The Inspector of Mines, Mr. McGregor, was there then, and would not believe the story until affidavit was made. Thereupon the two officials went to the island personally to investigate for themselves. The Norwegians would not let them take off the dump, but insisted on making another boring. Then Wade and McGregor went down, picked up the earth, and at first pan found $8. Three hundred men started in a stampede, and the whole island is now staked off, two hundred feet being allowed clear across the river. To-morrow more will start for the scene of the find, prepared to sink a hole in the next island below, in accordance with a new ruling of the Commissioner that a hole must actually be sunk before a discovery can be recorded. The Yukon through its entire length is strewn with islands, and if the other holes turn out like the first, millions will be taken out of the river, for the width of the pay streak will be that of a great river, not that of a trickling brook like Eldorado. The width of the Monte Cristo is

IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY—CART WITH SOLID WHEELS.

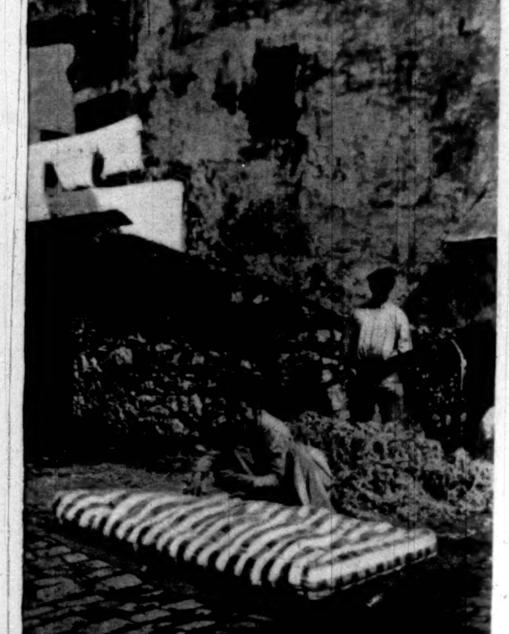
five or six hundred yards. The whole country seems underlaid with gold. Quartz is being discovered everywhere, some of which assays $80 to the ton, and in richness and quantity may equal the placer. Next summer it may be shown that from Eldorado along the divide parallel with the Bonanza the bed of an old river with gravel ninety feet thick and a mile wide will be traced, as some claim it has been, to within four miles of Dawson. The deposits of quartz gold found in the bench claims along Eldorado, cropping out on Bonanza at the Skookums, and cropping out in spots lower down, may have been sloughed from this river-bed. There are certainly at least three distinct deposits of placer gold here—that on the deep bed-rock of the creek, another on the present beds of the creeks where there is anything to hold it, and still another on the sides and tops of the hills. The wearing down of the hills has been enormous; the rounded domes and ridges are indicative of this. All mining experiences seem to be reversed in this land of surprises. It is the tenderfoot always, of course, doing the wrong thing, who blunders on the hidden wealth, verifying the old maxim that "Gold is where it is found."

There is a scarcity of money here that contrasts strangely with the enormous amount of wealth in the country. Men are working at good rates of wages, but their pay, like that of the mine-owners, lies frozen on the dumps, and will not be unlocked till spring. Money commands fifteen to twenty per cent. Bank-notes are at a premium. Gold-dust passes current in the stores at $17 to the ounce. Its coining value is about $15 to $19. It is received in large amounts at only $15 50. Exchange on New York at the N. A. T. Co. has been one-half of one per cent., with six per cent. until the 1st of July, because use is had of the money outside several months sooner than the return can reach Dawson. It is strongly advised that all who send money here send nothing but a certificate of deposit in a well-known New York bank, made payable to a person here. This certificate commands a premium.

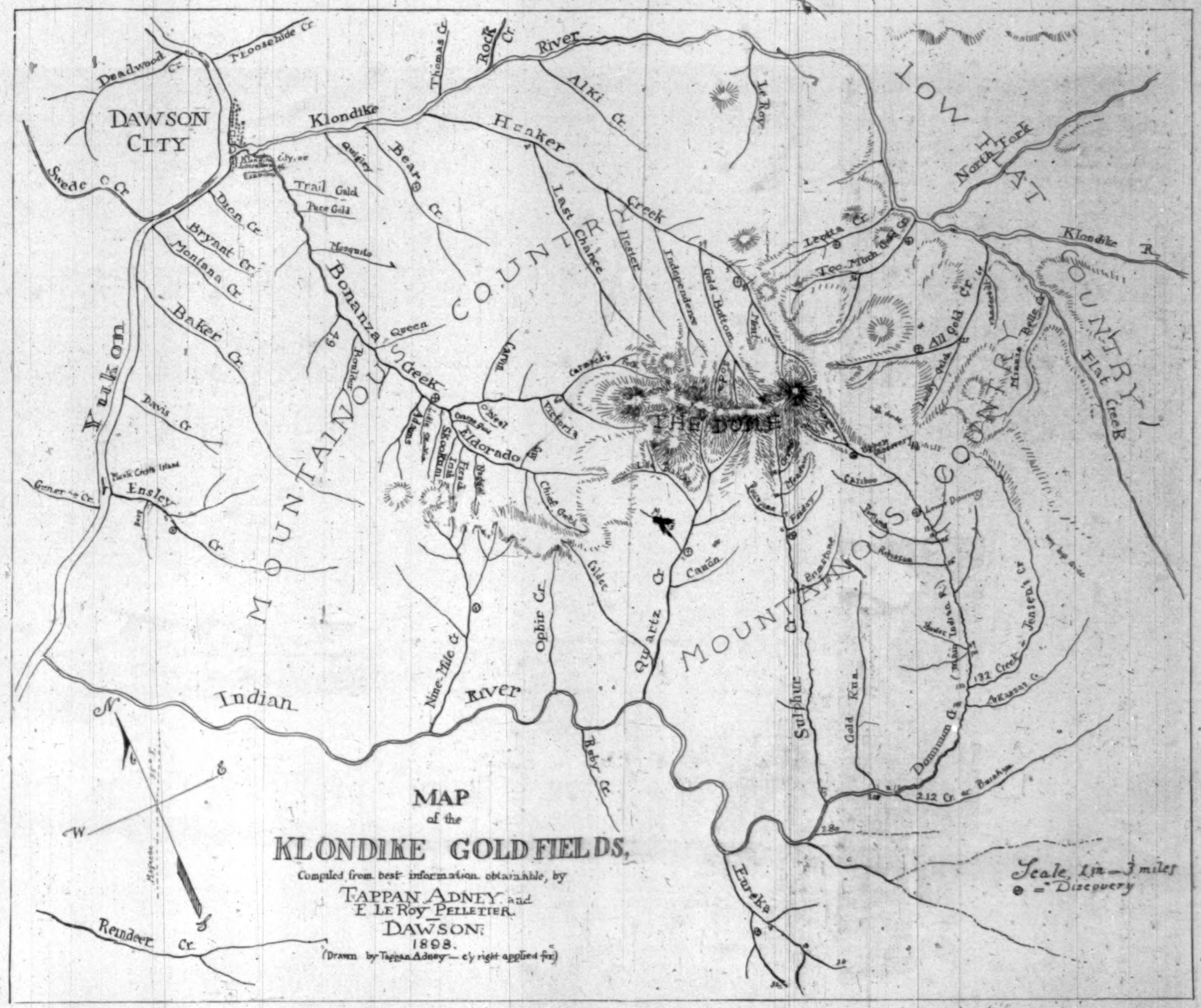
The utmost confusion reigns in the office of the Gold



BETWEEN TOLOSA AND VITORIA—OUR ESCORT.



DOING OVER THE BED—SAN SEBASTIAN.



Commissioner. Recording at the rate of fifty a day claims from all parts, it has been a physical impossibility for him to determine facts of the utmost importance. The oath taken by the applicant states that gold has been found. Perjury has become a thing not given a second thought. A lady of presumed respectability recorded two claims as having been staked by herself the same day. One was twenty-five miles up Henderson Creek, the other was on Nine-Mile Creek, twenty-five miles up Indian River. The two claims were not less than eighty-five miles apart. She confessed to the perjury, and was forgiven to the extent of losing her claims, instead of forfeiting all her rights and acquisitions in the district, the extreme penalty for such flagrant violation of the laws. The Commissioner seems to have taken pity on those who, for instance, on stampedes like that at Rose-bud, staked out by candle-light, so that he now requires not the oath that gold was found, but affidavit to the effect that deponent has not, to the best of his knowledge, infringed on the rights of any other person.

The booming creeks have been gone over with tape measures and fractions without end staked out and recorded. In many cases no fractions existed. On Hunker a 180-foot fraction was recorded, and when a survey came to be made by the owner of the original claim, it proved to be 150 feet short itself. On Sulphur two fractions were recorded, and, on the Commissioner's certificate, sold. One claim proved, on investigation, to be all right, so the buyer did not go the two miles to the other. A hundred and fifty feet was supposed to be there. I myself measured the fraction, and it was a scant fifty. Likewise No. 31-above on Sulphur was left out in the stampede; but some one discovering the fact recorded it, sold it to Alex Macdonald for $3000, and left for Dyea. There was a similar case on Hunker. On Too-Much-Gold No. 4-below is staked out into the Klondike; but there is no No. 5-below recorded, showing that all some one wanted was a certificate, not a claim. It has been undoubtedly offered for sale outside. Single men have staked whole creeks and parts of creeks, given the numbers out to record for an interest, or sold the numbers at $15 or $20 each. Dominion Creek is in a hopeless tangle. The Commissioner, for some unknown reason, allowed two discoveries five miles apart. Staking began up and down. It met in the thirties, and some claims were recorded twice. Then the staking of fractions began, and continued until there were more holding claims on Dominion than there were claims on the whole creek. Thereupon the books were closed on fractions there until a survey can be made. According to the law, three days are allowed for the first ten miles, and a day for each additional ten miles from Dawson. A man who has been prospecting his claim starts to record. A stampeder, who has been watching, stakes the creek out, staking over the prospect holes, gets to Dawson, and records before the other arrives. The Commissioner receives the protest, and the claim is tied up until no one knows when. The same men, usually saloon rounders, have recorded again and again under different names, and the man with the protest goes about with his complaint to serve, and loses time, money, and patience—perhaps his claim as well—yet the law distinctly provides that continuous work on the claim is sufficient to hold it without record.

The Commissioner has honestly endeavored to punish those who have thus infracted the laws, but it is impossible to detect the offenders. The consequence is that the old miner, who has been accustomed to find out if he had anything before he recorded, has been obliged to record first and prospect afterwards, or else sit back in helpless bewilderment at the flood of speculative miners who have poured into the country hitherto regarded as his own, and who have introduced the new method of getting gold by the axe and pencil instead of by the pick and shovel.

The speculative craze seized the community, and thousands of claims were bonded and sent out to sell. Few had any faith in their success, knowing the small extent to which the creeks had been prospected. The conservative ones did not believe that men with any considerable amount of money to invest would do so without investigation in person or by trusted representatives. We did not even know whether we were longer subject of thought on the outside; but, with the arrival of the mail, report has come of sales at prices that are a surprise here, and the result has been that those who have been holding back have been getting aboard, and the last dog-teams have been taking out hundreds of claims, mostly on little known creeks, but some good properties. The result of the winter's prospecting, meagre as it has been, has been to compel us to doubt if there can be any such thing as wild-cat claims on Sulphur and Dominion. Some that went out first and were bonded at $1000, and regarded as distinctly "wild-cat," are now worth to-day $15,000 in here.

Attention perhaps should be called to a publication that has emanated from here, which it would be paying an extravagant compliment to mention it even by name. This sheet has been sent out for extended circulation on the outside. It purports to contain the only trustworthy information concerning the country, its mines, and the miners. It contains a scale chart of Bonanza and Eldorado, with pictures of claims and portraits of mine-owners. Those who are represented therein pay the sum of from $250 to $2000 each for the privilege of having their pictures printed, their biographies written up, and their claim marked in black on the map as being a rich claim. This may have remained a legitimate enterprise in which only the foolish would have invested, but the matter was laid before the successful miner in such a way that it amounted to virtual compulsion.

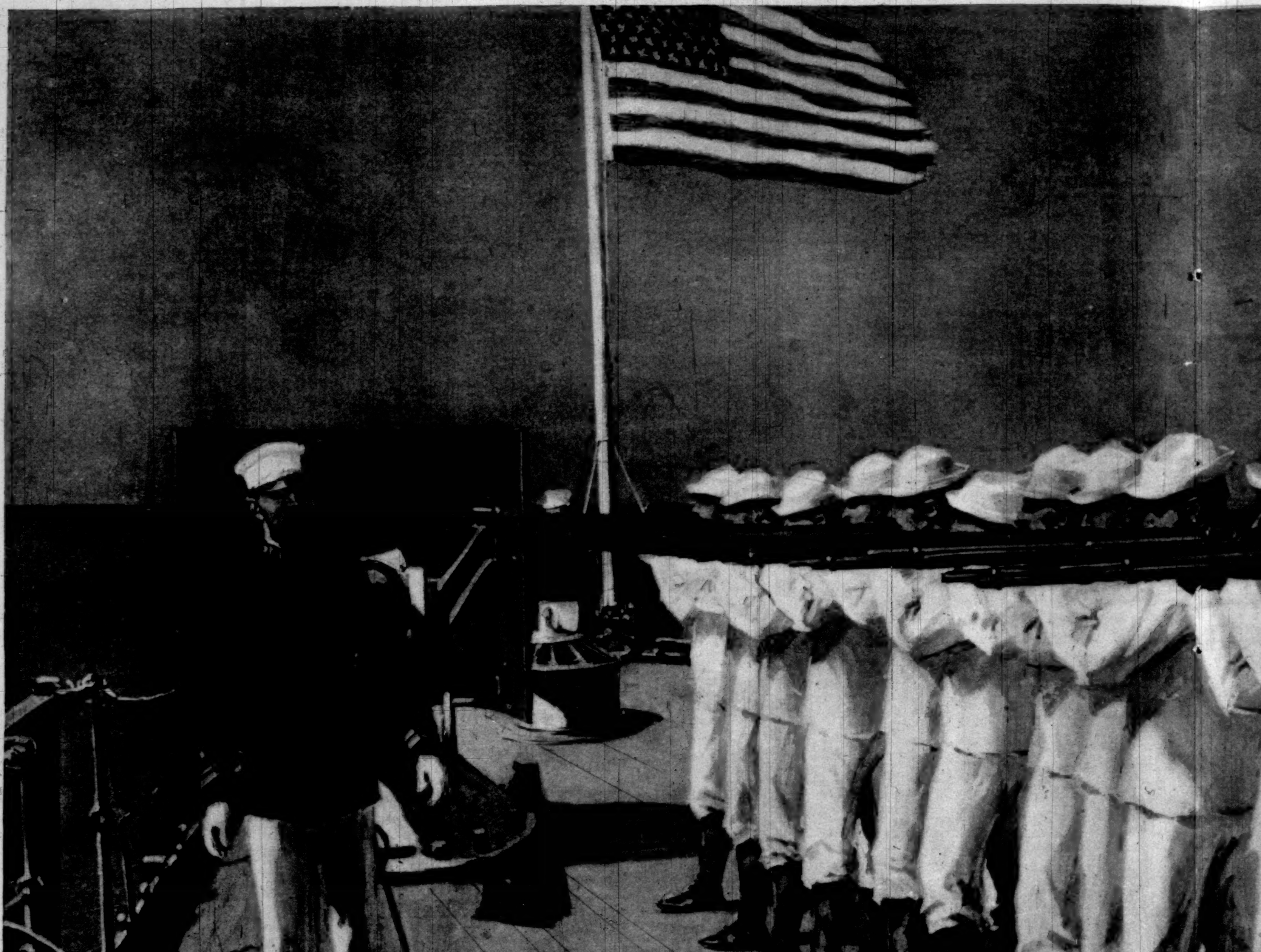
To the extent that it will be circulated, or rather to the extent that it will be credited, injury will be done to every other mine-owner in the community.

If reports are true, the Yukon River from here to the Passes is a line of villages and cabins. At the various points where the boats were nipped in the ice cabins were built, until now, at Tagish, Marsh Lake, the White Horse, Lake Labarge, Big and Little Salmon and Stewart rivers, there are regular villages. The Salmon rivers have been prospected, men have gone up Stewart River to McQueston, while there has been more or less prospecting done at all points on the river. Mile after mile the stampeders have taken up creeks up and down the Yukon. Recent reports from Dominion had sent hundreds over there, with the result that new creeks ten or fifteen miles long have been staked out. The benches along lower Eldorado and Skookum are a perpetual surprise. The whole hill-side is a-smoke with the fires; big pans are the rule. Confidence in the country is increasing. Since the letter sent out yesterday* flour has dropped to $15 a sack, showing that the grub situation is relieved, but butter has reached $5 a pound, and is going up. There has been no little inconvenience, much disappointment, and even greater complaint in the inability of the Canadian government to get the mail here before February 26. A part only came down, the greater part remaining at Little Salmon, as far as it came by boat last fall.

Some came direct from Dyea. While not expecting even governments to overcome obstacles that private individuals cannot, I was inclined to blame the government either for a lack of zeal or for poor management. It was not until I saw the actual figures showing what it meant to make the trip that I was ready to modify my views materially. The hundred "Huskies" that were expected from the Hudson Bay Company did not arrive, and with the forty ill-sorted dogs at the command of the party that started in from the lakes, the proportion would stand about as follows: Every pound of food needed for men and dogs would have to be carried a distance of six hundred and fifty miles. No food could be relied upon on the route, much less at Dawson. Forty dogs, 100 lbs. of feed each day; forty men, 40 lbs. each day; total daily consumption, 140 lbs. Thirty days of travel (20 miles a day) + 5 days rests = 35 days. Total food to be carried, 4900 lbs. Add stationery (for the new government), 400 lbs.; tents, 180 lbs.; cooking utensils, dishes, etc., 100 lbs.; men's personal baggage, 860 lbs.; total 6440 lbs. This divided among 40 dogs is 161 lbs. per dog. Not a pound of mail has been counted, and no provision made for return food from Dawson, where, according to the reports, there was starvation. When the 40 dogs arrived at Little Salmon a courier was sent into Dawson to ascertain if food could be had to take men and dogs back, and they had to wait until this courier returned before continuing on. When these figures are taken into account, the wonder is that they brought so much. A dog draws 300 lbs. on a smooth trail, but on a poor one 100 lbs. may be a load. What the trail really was may be inferred from the fact that one of the fastest outfits that left Dawson was seven days getting around Thirty-Mile River. Shore ice had frozen; the river fell, the ice broke down; the river rose, and new ice was formed above the other. Then the river dropped to a low level and remained open. A sloping ice-floe for a trail, a river on one side, and a precipitous bank on the other—such is winter travel on the Yukon.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

* The letter here referred to, together with ones written still earlier, were longer on the way than the one published herewith, and did not arrive until too late for publication in this number. They will be published in subsequent issues.—EDITOR.



WITH THE BLOCKADING FLEET—DRILLING THE CREW OF U. S. S. "WILMINGTON" IN THE LO

E LOADINGS AND FIRINGS.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup after a Photograph by James Burton.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE GARRET OF THE RED TOWER.

I FELT my temples, my ears, my neck, tingling with cold. I seemed to have fallen into a sea of ice. I think I would have fallen and fainted, but at that moment my master sat down beside the Bishop, and I was left free to retire into a darksome corner, where I staggered against a beam, slimy with sweat, and hung over it with my hand clasping my brow, trying to think what had happened.

I do not know how long I remained in this position, nor yet when I came to myself. All was a dream to me, a nightmare of horrid whirlings and infinite oppressions. The faces of the folk that watched, the garmentry of the Bishop and his priests, the red robes of the young Duke and his successors, spun round me in hideous phantasmagoria.

At last I was conscious that a trumpet blew. Whereupon all rose up. The secretaries stacked their papers unconcernedly, with the feathers of their pens in their mouths. And then in the solemn silence which ensued the Duke and his judges filed out of the door, while the power of the Church, represented by Bishop Peter and his priests, went forth by another. Before I could realize the situation Helene had vanished down a trap-door in the floor.

My master accompanied Bishop Peter. As for me, I hardly knew what I did. I did not even stand up, till our conductor—he who had gone forward to announce us at the first—ran across to me, and plucking me by the arm from the beam on which I leaned, said, hurriedly: "Art dead or drunk, man, that thou riskest thine ears and thy neck? Stand up while the Judges and the new Duke go by!"

So, dazed and numb, I hent me up, and, lo! coming arm in arm towards me were Otho von Reuss and his newly appointed Chief Justice, who was but mine old friend Michael Texel. The Duke bent a searching look on me as I bowed low before him, but he saw only the tan of my skin and the close bristle of my hair. And so all passed on.

"Ho, blackamoor! thy master waits thee. Run if thou wouldst avoid the whipping-post!" cried another of the rout of servitors.

So, putting out a hand to stay myself, I staggered weakly after my master. I found him at the door, in talk with the confessor of the Bishop.

"And so," he was saying, "this girl was reared in the executioner's house. And she went away to a far country in order to learn the secrets of necromancy, it is not known where. I would see this Duke's Justicer. Does he dwell near by? What! in that very tower? It is of good omen. Let us go thither."

But the confessor excused himself, being in no wise desirous to visit the Red Axe, even in his turn of sickness.

"I have business of the soul with Bishop Peter. I will speak with thee again at refection," he said, glancing up at the Red Tower with suspicious glances, as if he feared unseen ears might be listening, and that some of its fearful magic might even descend upon a man so notably holy as a Bishop's confessor.

Presently Dessauer and I were at the well-known door. I knocked, and listened, whereupon ensued silence. Again, and then when the echoes ceased there was once more a great silence in the tower.

I heard the blood-hounds of Duke Casimir howl. The indigo shadow of the Hall of Justice stretched across and touched the Red Tower with an ominous finger.

"Let us go in," said I. And pushing the unresisting door, I began to climb the stone stairs. Each smoothed hollow and chipped edge was as familiar to me as my name. Indeed, much more so, for I was now passing under a false one. I climbed in a dazed way, up and up. There on my left was the sitting-room. It had been searched high and low, escritoires rudely tossed down, aumries rifled, household stuff, grain, white linen, bottles, all cast about and huddled together as the searchers had left them.

Then above was the little room where Helene used to sleep. Here the wrack was indescribable—every hiding-place rifled, her pretty bedquilt lying across the doorway trampled and soiled, her dainty white clothing, some she had worn at Plassenburg, and even of the tiny dresses of her childhood, all torn and confused. And in the midst, what affected me more than everything else, a tiny puppet of wood my father had hewn her with his knife, and which she had dressed as a queen with red ribbons and crown of tinsel. Ah, so long ago—and in such happy days.

"Father!" I called loudly. "Father!"

But in this I forgot myself. There might have been enemies lurking anywhere in the house of pain and disaster.

My own room came next, and the way out upon the roof, but we tried not these. There remained only the garret of my father. I climbed up, with Dessauer behind me, and pushed the door open.

Then I stood in the entering-in, looking for the first time for years on the face of my father.

He lay on his couch, his head bound about with a napkin. The dark wisp of hair which rose like a cock's comb sticking through the stained cloth was no longer blue-black, but of iron gray splashed and brindled with pure white. His eyes were open and shining, cavernous and solemn, above his fallen-in cheeks. It was like looking into the secrets of another world. That which he had so often caused other eyes to see he was now to see for himself. The hand which lay—mere skin, muscle, and bone—oh the counterpane had guided many to the door of the mysteries. Now it was to push the arras aside, for the Death-Justicer of the Mark was to go before the Judge of all the earth.

My father lay gazing at me with deep mournful eyes. So sad they seemed that it was as if nothing in heaven or earth, neither joy nor sorrow, life nor death, could have power to change their expression of immeasurable sadness.

I entered, and my companion followed.

"There is none with you here?" I said to my father, going to the bedside.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

He started at the voice, and looked even eagerly up. But his eyes dulled and deadened again as he fell back.

"I did but dream," he muttered, sadly.

"You have no one with you here, Gottfried Gottfried?" said I again; for in a matter of life and death it was as well to make sure.

He set his hand to his brow, as if trying to think.

"Who should be with me—except all these?" he answered, very solemnly. And swept his hand about the room as if he saw strange shapes standing in rows about the walls. "I wish," he went on, almost querulously, "whoever you are, you would tell these people to keep their hands down. They point at me, and thrust their dripping heads forward, holding them like lanterns in their hands."

He turned away to the back of the bed; and then, as if he saw something there worse than all the rest, faced about again quickly, saying, with some pathetic intonation of his lost childhood, "There is no need for them to point so at me, is there?"

"Father!" said I, gently touching his cheek with my hand as I used to do.

"Ah! what is that?" he said. "Did some one call me father? Let me go! I tell you, let me go! She needs me. They are torturing her. I must go to her!"

"Father," I said again, putting him gently back, "it is I; your own son Hugo—come back to speak with you, to help, if it may be—to die for the Little Playmate if need be."

"Hugo—Hugo!" he said, "my little lad, my pretty boy?"

He pushed me back to look at me, eagerly, wistfully—and then thrust me sharply away.

"Bah!" he said, "you lie! What need to lie to a dying man? My Hugo had yellow hair and a skin like lilies. Yours is dark—"

"Father," said I, "I am here disguised. Help is coming, sure and strong, if we can only wait a little and delay the trial. But tell me all. Speak to me freely if you love your daughter Helene—your daughter and my love."

He sat up now, and motioned me to come nearer. I set a pillow to his back, and went and kneeled by the bed as I used to do at good-night time when I said my Paternoster.

Then for the first time he knew me.

"Say it!" he commanded, in his old voice.

So, though with the stress of wars and other things I had mostly forgotten, yet I said not only that, but the Prayer of Childhood he had taught me. And then I kissed him as I used to do when I bade him good-night.

"Yes," he said, softly, "it is true, after all. You are mine own only son. Hugo—I am glad you have come to see your father before he dies."

I told him how I had come, and brought Dessauer forward, introducing him as one great in the kingdom where I was, and to whom I was much beholden. He shook him by the hand, and again looked at me.

"Now, father," said I, "we have no long time to bide with you, lest the new Duke come upon us. We must hie us back to our lodging with the Bishop Peter, lest we be missed."

My father smiled.

"Ye will live but sparely there!" said he.

"Tell us how you came to this," said I, "and, if you can, why Helene, our little Helene, stands so terribly accused."

My father paused a long time before he began to answer.

"It is not easy for me to tell you all," he said. "I know and I have the words. But somehow, when I try to fit the words to the thing, they run asunder and will not mix, like water and oil. But see, Hugo, here is an elixir of rare value. Drop a drop or two on my tongue if ye see me wander. It will bring me back for a time."

CHAPTER XLII.

PRINCESS PLAYMATE.

THEN began my father to tell the tale, slowly, with many a pause and interruption, now searching for words, now racked with pain, all of which I need not imitate, and shall leave out. But the substance of his tale was to this effect:

"After you had left us the Dukedom went from bad to worse—no peace, no rest, no money. Duke Casimir took less and less of my advice, but began again his old horrors, plundering, killing, living by terror and in terror. He threatened Torgau. He attacked Plassenburg. He stirred up hornets' nests everywhere. He made himself at home the common mark for every assassin.

"Then suddenly came his nephew back, and almost immediately he grew great in favor with him. Uncle and nephew drank together. They paraded the terraces together. I was nevermore sent for save to do my duty. Otho von Reuss rode abroad at the head of the Black Horsemen.

"But at the same time, to my great joy, arrived the Little Playmate back to me. She was safer with me, she said. So that, having her, I needed naught else. She came with good news of you, making the journey not alone, for two men of the Princess's retinue brought her to the city gates."

"The Princess!" I cried. "Aye, I thought so. I judged that it was the Princess who sent her back."

Dessauer motioned with his hand. He saw that it was dangerous to throw my father off the track. And, indeed, this was proved at once, for my unfortunate interruption set my father's mind to the wandering, till finally I had to drop certain drops of the red liquid on his tongue. These, indeed, had a marvellous effect upon him. He sat up instantly, his eyes flashing the old light, and began to speak rapidly and to clear purport, even as he used to do in the old days when Duke Casimir would come striding across the yard at all hours of the night and day to consult his Justicer.

"What was I telling?" he went on. "Yes, I remember—of the home-coming of Helene under honorable escort. And she was beautiful—but all her race were beautiful—all the women of them, at any rate. But that is another matter.

"Then, as she went across the yard one day to meet me at the door of the hall as I came out, who should see her but the Count Otho von Reuss. And she turned from him like a queen and took hold of my arm, clasping it strongly. Then he looked at us both, and his look was the evil-doer's look. Oh, I know it. Who knows that look, if not I? And so we passed within. But my Helene was quivering and much afraid, nestling to me—aye, to me, old Gottfried Gottfried—like a frightened dove.

"After this she went not out into the court-yard or city, save with me by her side, and Otho von Reuss lingered about, watching like a wolf about the sheepfold. For he was in high favor with Duke Casimir, and had already equal place with him on the bed of justice.

"Then there came a night, lightning peeping and blazing, alternate blue and white—God's face and the devil's, time about, staring in at the lattice. I lay alone in my chamber. But I was not asleep. As you know, I do not often sleep. But I lay awake and thought and thought. The lightning showed me faces I had not seen for thirty years, and forms I remembered, black against eternity. But all at once, in a certain after-clap of silence that followed the roaring thunder, I heard a voice call to me.

"'My father—my father!' it cried.

"It was like a soul in danger of damnation calling God.

"I rose and went, clad as I was in the red of mine office (for that day I had done the final grace more than once). I ran down the stairs to the room of my little Helene.

"The lightning showed me my lamb crouched in the corner, her lips open, white, squared with horror; her arms extended, as though to push some monstrous thing away. A black shape only I saw bending over her. Then came blackness of darkness again. And again my Helene's voice. Ah, God, I can hear it now, calling pitifully, like a woman hanging over hell and losing hold, 'Father—my father!'

"'I am here!' I cried, loudly, even as on the scaffold I cry the doom for which the people die.

"And the room lit up with a flame, white as the face of God as he passed by on Mount Sinai, flash on continuous flash. And there before me, with a countenance like a demon's, stood Otho von Reuss!"

I uttered a hoarse cry, but Dessauer again checked me. My father went on:

"Otho von Reuss it was—he saw me in my red apparel, and cried aloud with mighty fear. If God had given me mine axe in mine hand—well, Duke or no Duke, he had cried no more. But even as he turned and fled from the room, I seized him about the waist, and opening the window with my other hand, I cast him forth. And as he went down backwards, clutching at nothing, God looked again out of the skylights of heaven, and showed me the face of the devil, as Michael saw it when he hurled him shrieking into the pit.

"Then I went back and took in my arms my one ewe lamb.

"Many days (so they brought me word) Otho lay at the point of death, and Duke Casimir came not near me nor yet sent for me. But by that very circumstance I knew Otho had not revealed how his accident had befallen. Yet he but bided his time. And as he grew well, Duke Casimir grew ill. He waxed like a ghost, and one day he came here and sat on the bed as in old times.

"'I know my friends,' he said, 'good Red Axe of mine, friend of many years. I have had mine eyes blinded, but this morning there has come a mighty clearness, and from this day forth you and I shall stand face to face and see eye to eye again.'

"Then, being athirst, he asked for something to drink. Which, when our sweet Helene had brought, he patted her cheek. 'A maid for a court—one among a thousand, a fair one!' he said; and passed away down the stairs, walking with his old steady tread.

"But even at the steps of the Hall of Justice he stumbled and fell. They carried him in, and there in the robing-chamber he lay unconscious for a week, and then died without speech.

"When he was dead, and ere he had been embalmed, there arose a clamor, first among the followers of Otho von Reuss, and after that among those of the Wolfsberg, who expected that they would be favored by the new Duke. It was first whispered, and then cried aloud, that the death of Duke Casimir had been by witchcraft and potions.

"Cunningly and with subtlety was spread the report how my daughter and I had worked upon Duke Casimir; how he had gone to our house, drunken a draught, and then died ere he could come to his own chamber. But I went on my way and heeded it not. For just then the plague, which had stricken the Duke first, stalked athwart the city unchecked, and all through it this Helene of ours was as the angel of God, coming and going by night and day among the streets and lanes of the town. And the common folk worshipped her. And so do unto this day.

"Now perhaps I did not heed this babble as I ought to have done. But there came one night—how long ago I have forgotten—and a clamor in the court-yard. The Black Riders, the worst of them, fiends incarnate that Otho had of late gathered about him, thundered upon us without, and presently burst in the door.

"I met them with mine axe at the stair-head, and for the better part of an hour I kept them at a distance. And some died and some were dismembered. For I am not a man to make mistakes. Then came Otho, limping from his fall, and shot me with a bolt from behind his men. And so they took my love and left me here to die. And the new Duke will not kill me, for he desires that I shall see her agony ere my own life is taken. For that alone the fiend keeps me in life.

"And that," said my father, feebly, "is all."

But just as he seemed to ebb away a wild fear startled him.

"No," he cried, "there is yet something more. Hugo, Hugo, keep me here a little! Hold me that my mind may not wander away among the spinning-wheels and the faces mopping and mowing. I have something yet to tell."

I held him up while Dessauer poured a drop or two of the potent liquid into his mouth. As before, it instantly revived him. The color came back to his cheeks.

"Quick, Hugo, lad!" he cried, "give me that black box

"HER LIPS OPEN, SQUARED WITH HORROR; HER ARMS EXTENDED AS THOUGH TO PUSH SOME MONSTROUS THING AWAY."

which sits behind the block." I brought it, and from this he extracted a small key, which he gave me.

"Unlock the panel you see there in the wall," he said.

I looked, but could find none.

"The oaken knob!" he cried, sharply.

I could only see a rough knob in the wood-work, a little worm eaten. But in the centre one hole a little larger than the rest.

"Put in the key!" commanded my father, making as if he would come out of bed and hasten me himself.

I thrust in the key, indeed, but with no more faith than if I had been bidden to put it into a mouse-hole.

Nevertheless, it turned easy as thinking, and a little door swung open, cunningly fitted. Here were dresses, books, parchments.

"Bring all these to me," he said.

And I brought them carefully in my arms and laid them on the bed.

The eye of old Dessauer fell on something among them, and was instantly fascinated. It was a woman's waist-belt of thick bars of gold, laid three and three, crests and letters all over it.

The Chancellor put his hand forward for it, and my father allowed him to take it, following him, however, with a questioning eye.

Then Dessauer put his hand into his bosom and drew out a chain of gold—the necklace of the woodman, indeed—and laid the two side by side. He uttered a shrill cry as he did so.

"The belt of the Princess!" he cried—"the Princess of Plassenburg!"

And laying them one above the other, each bar group read thus: "Helena of Plassenburg."

With delight on his face, like that of a mathematician when his calculations work out truly, Dessauer reached out his hand for the papers, but my father stayed him.

"Who may you be that has a chain to match mine?" he asked, with his hand on Dessauer's wrist.

"I am the State's Chancellor of Plassenburg, and it needed but this to show me our true Princess."

"Here, then," said my father, "is more and better."

And he handed him the papers.

"It meets! It meets!" cried Dessauer, enthusiastically, as he glanced them over. "It is complete. It would stand probation in the Diet of the Emperor."

"But yet that will not prevent Helene Gottfried dying at the stake!" cried my father, sadly, and fell back on his bed.

We spent this heaviest of nights at the palace of Bishop Peter—Dessauer with the prelate; I, praise to the holy pyx, in the kitchen with the serving men and maids. Peter of the Pigs was there, but no more eager to fight. The lay brother who had gone with the letter, and the conductor who had run away from the dread door of the Hall of Justice, had returned, and had spread a favorable report of our courage.

Certainly the house of Peter the Bishop might be a poor one and scantily provendered, but there was little sign of it that night. For if the master went fasting and his guests lived on pulse (as they said in Thorn), certainly not so Bishop Peter's servants.

For there were pasties of larks, with sauce of butter and herbs. There were rabbits from the sand hills, and pigeons from the towers of the minster. The clear Rhenish vied with the more generous wine of Burgundy and the red juice of Assmanhauser. For me, as was natural, I ate little. I spoke not at all. But I looked so dangerous with my swarthy face and desperate eyes, I dare say, and I was so well armed, that the roisterers left me severely alone.

But I drank—Lord, what did I not drink that night! I poured down my gullet all and sundry that was given me. And to render them their dues, there was no lack and no inhospitality. But the strange thing of it was that though I am a man more than ordinarily temperate, that night I poured the Rhenish into me like water down a cistern-pipe, and felt it not. God forgive me, I wanted to make me drunken and forgetful, and, lo! it would not bite.

So I cursed their drink, and asked if they had no Lyons Water-of-Life, stark and mordant, or indeed anything that was not mere compound of whey and dirty water. Whereat they wondered, and held me thereafter in great respect as a good companion and approven drinker.

Then they brought me of the strong spirit of Dantzig, with curious little flakes of gold dancing in it. It was raw and strong, and I had good hopes of it. But I drank the Dantzig like spring-water, all there was of it, and though it had a taste singularly displeasing to me, it had no more effect than so much warm barley-brew for the palates of babes. Upon this I had great glory. For the card-players and the dicers actually left their games to see me drink. And I sat there and expounded the Levitical law and the wheels of the Prophet Ezekiel, the law succession of the empire and also the apostolic succession, all with surprising clearness and cogency of reasoning. So that before I had finished they required of me whether it was I or my master who was sent for to dispute before the Emperor.

Then I told them that the things I knew (that is, which the Hollands had put into my head) were but the commonest chamber sweepings of my master's learning, which I had picked up as I rode at his elbow. And this bred a mighty wondering what manner of man he might be who was so wise. And I think if I had gone on, Dessauer and I might both have found ourselves in the Bishop's prison, on suspicion of being the devil and one of his ministrants.

But suddenly, as with a kind of back stroke, all that I had drunken must have come upon me. The clearness of vision went from me like a candle that is blown out. I know not what happened after, save that I found myself upon my truckle-bed, with my leathern money-pouch clasped in my hand with surprising tightness, as if I had been mortally afraid that some one would mistake my satchel for his own pocket.

So in time the morrow came, and by all rules I ought to have had a racking headache. For I saw many of those that had been with me the night before pale of countenance and eating handfuls of baker's salt. So I judged that their anxiety and the turmoil of their hearts had not burned their liquor up, as had been the case with me.

Now it is small wonder that all my soul cried out for oblivion, till I should be able to do something for the Beloved—break her prison, hasten the troops from Plassenburg, or in some way save my love.

Hardly had I looked out the main door that morning, desiring to pass away the time till the trial should begin again, before I saw the Lubber Fiend smirking and becking across the way. He had squatted himself down on the side of the street opposite, looking over at the Bishop's palace.

He pointed at me with his finger.

"Your complexion runs down!" he said. "I know you. But go to the spring there by the stable, wash your face, and I shall know you better."

This was fair perdition, and nothing less. For one may stay the tongue of a scoundrel with money, or the expectation of it, until opportunity arrived to stop it with steel or prison masonry. But who shall halter the tongue of a fool?

Then, swift as one that sees his face in a glass, I bethought me of a plan.

"See!" I said; "do you desire gold, Lubber Fiend?"

He wagged his great head and shook his cabbage-leaf ears, till they made currents in the heavy air, to signify that he loved the touch of the yellow metal.

"See, then, Lubber," said I, "you shall have ten of these now, and ten more afterwards, if you will carry a letter to the Prince at Plassenburg, or meet him on the way."

"Not possible!" said he, shaking his head sadly; "little Missie has come to Thorn."

"But," said I, "little Missie would desire it; take letter to the Prince, good Jan, then Missie will be happy."

"Would she let poor Jan Lubberchen kiss her hand, think you?" he asked, looking up at me.

"Aye," said I. "kiss her cheek, maybe."

He danced excitedly from side to side.

"Jan will run—Jan will run all the way!" he cried.

So I pulled out a scrap of parchment and wrote a hasty message to the Prince, asking him, for the love of God and us, to set every soldier in Plassenburg on the march for Thorn, and to come on ahead himself with such a flying column as he could gather. No more I added, because I knew that my good master would need no more.

Then I went down with my messenger to the Weiss Thor, and with great fear I saw the idiot pass the house of Master Gerard. Then, at the outer gate, I gave him his ten golden coins, and watched him trot away briskly on the green winding road to Plassenburg.

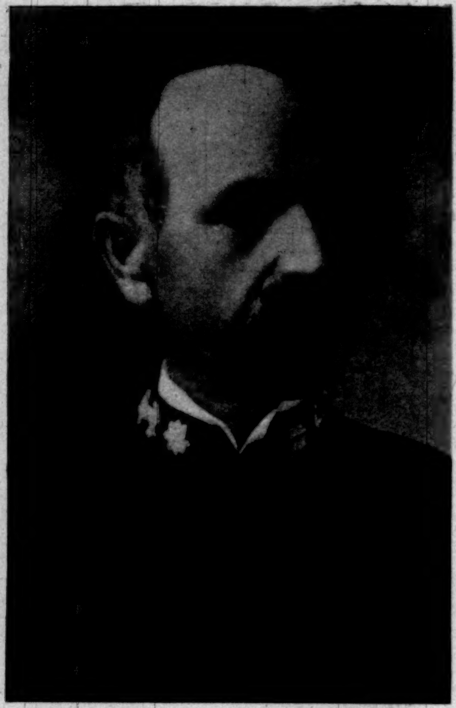
"Mind," he called back to me, "kiss her cheek if Jan takes letter to the Prince."

And I promised it him without wincing. For by this time lying had now no more effect upon me than dram-drinking.

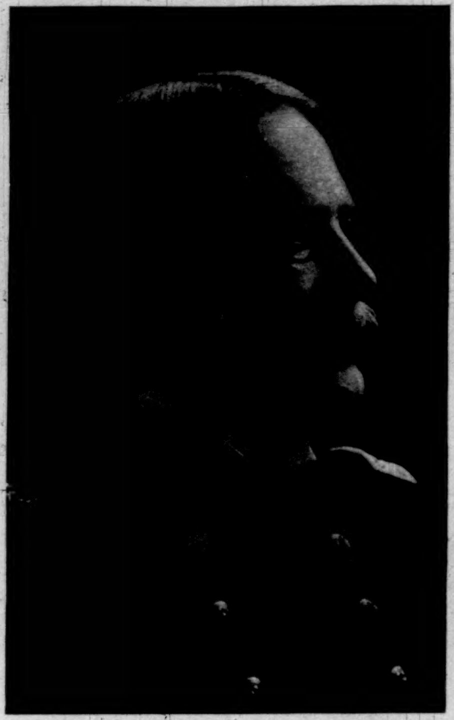
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMMANDER BENJAMIN P. LAMBERTON, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Boston" (Protected Cruiser).

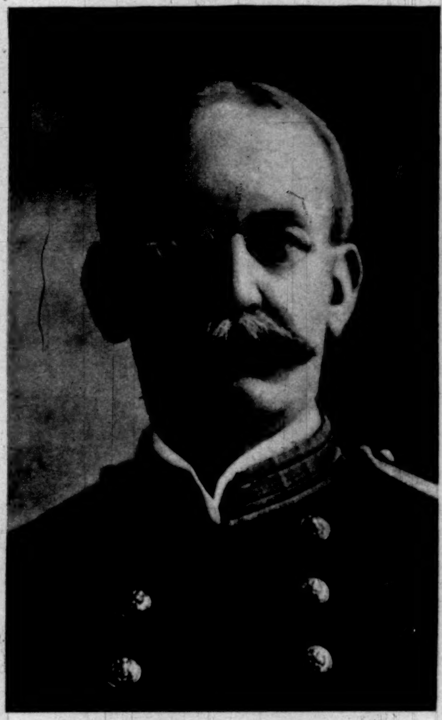
CAPTAIN CHARLES V. GRIDLEY, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Olympia" (Protected Cruiser).



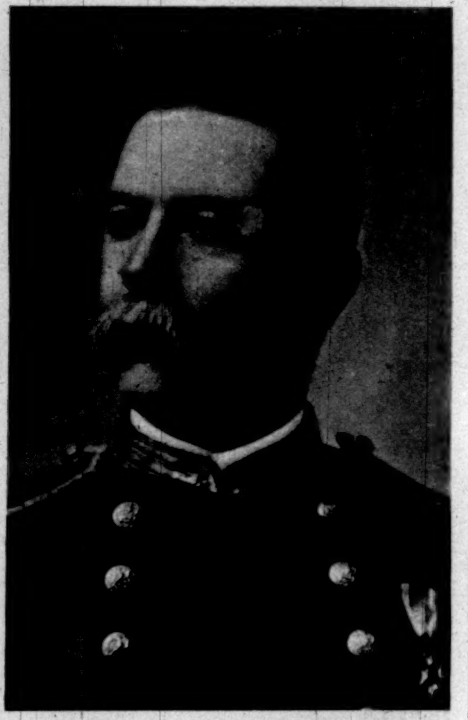
COMMANDER ASA WALKER, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Concord" (Gunboat).



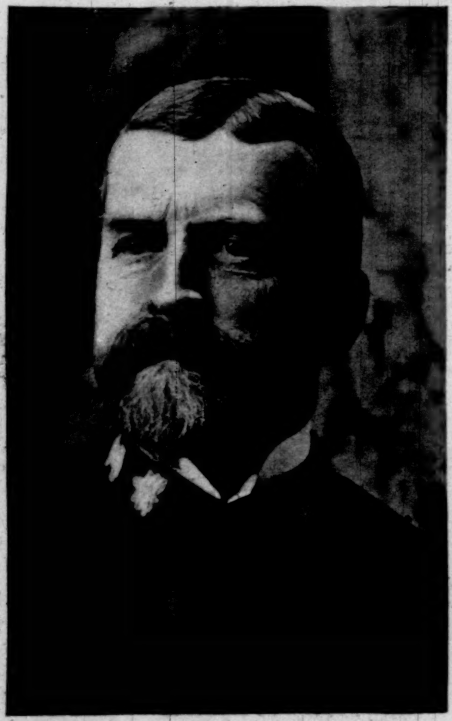
CAPTAIN CHARLES E. CLARK, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Oregon" (1st Class Battle-ship).



CAPTAIN CHARLES D. SIGSBEE, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "St. Paul" (Auxiliary Cruiser).



CAPTAIN CHARLES S. COTTON, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Harvard" (Auxiliary Cruiser).



CAPTAIN CASPAR F. GOODRICH, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "St. Louis" (Auxiliary Cruiser).
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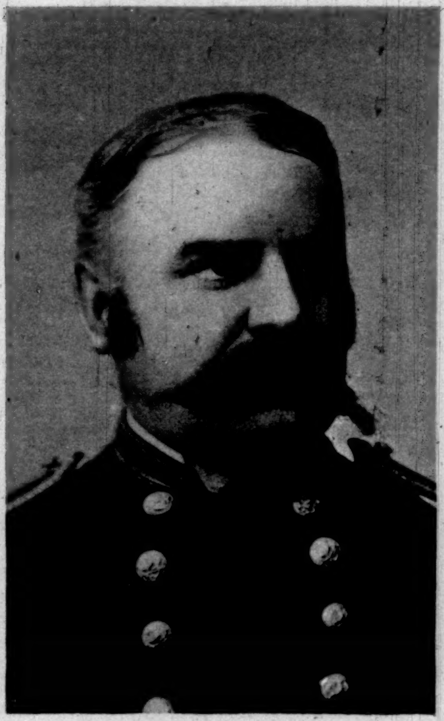
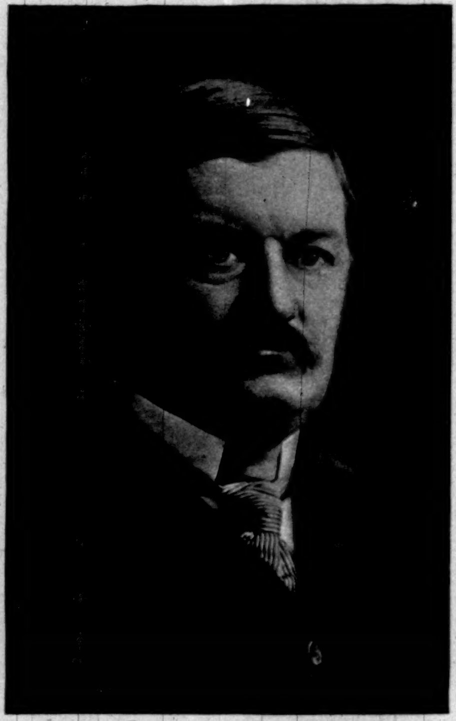


COMMANDER GEORGE F. F. WILDE, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Katahdin" (Harbor-defence Ram).



LIEUT.-COM. JOHN E. PILLSBURY, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Vesuvius" (Dynamite-Gun Vessel).

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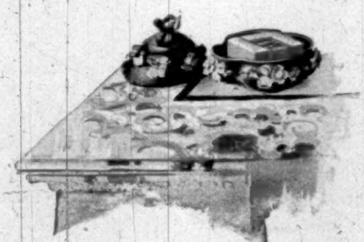

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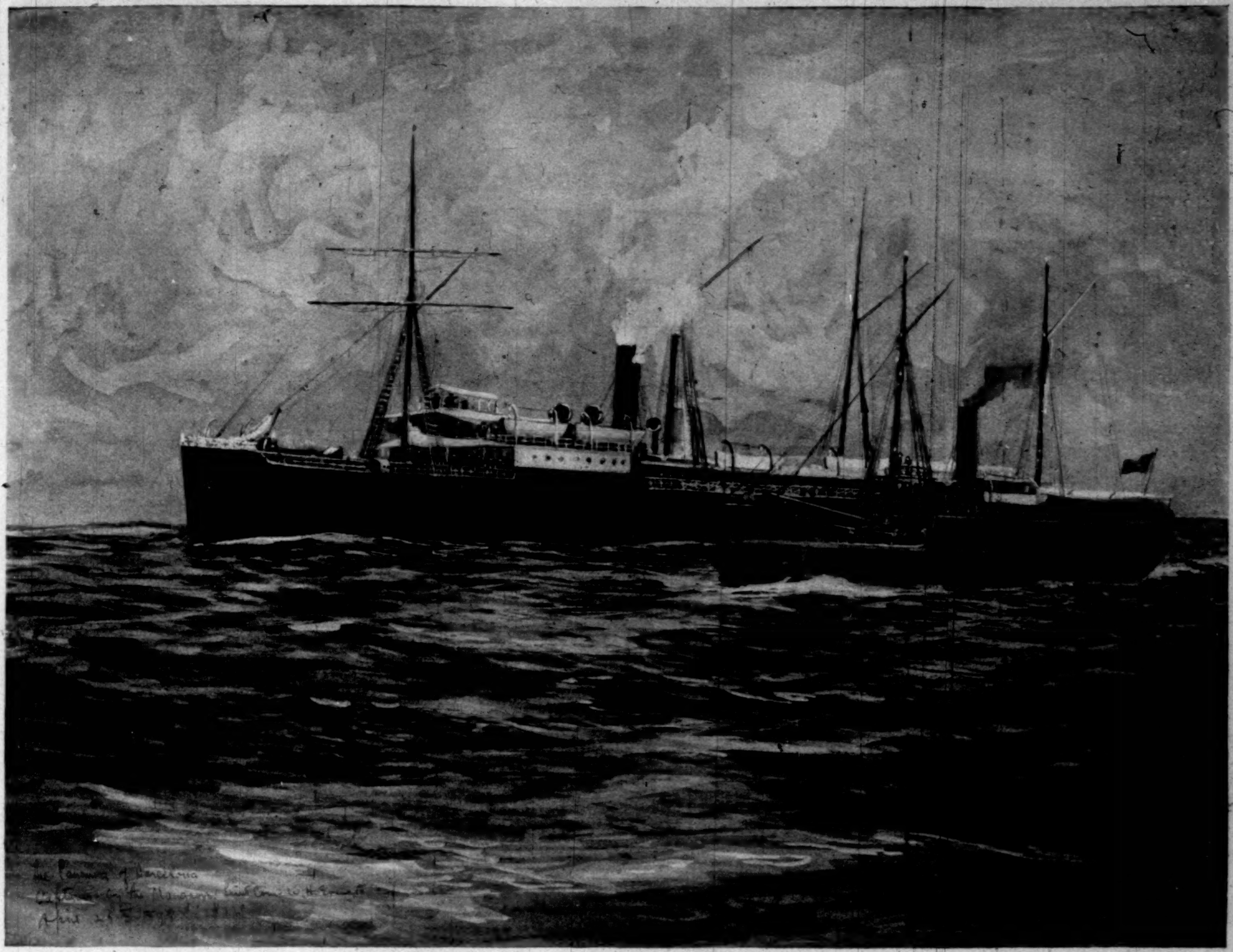


THE "MANGROVE" AND THE "PANAMA."

The little converted Light-House-Tender with which Lieut.-Com. W. H. Everett, U.S.N., captured the big Barcelona Liner.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly," with the Blockading Fleet.—[See Page 478.]

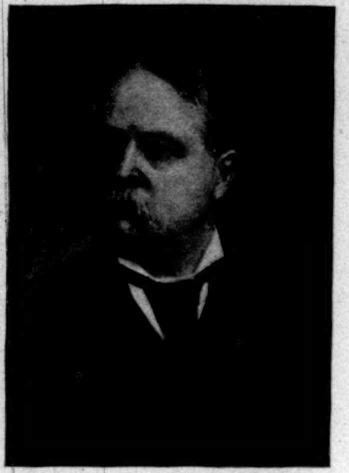
CAPTURED SPANISH VESSELS AT ANCHOR IN MAN-OF-WAR HARBOR, KEY WEST—VIEW FROM THE ESPLANADE NEAR THE U. S. ARMY BARRACKS.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly," with the Blockading Fleet.—[See Page 478.]

FITZHUGH LEE, OF VIRGINIA.

CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH WHEELER, OF ALABAMA.

JAMES H. WILSON, OF DELAWARE.



U. S. SENATOR WILLIAM J. SEWELL, OF NEW JERSEY.

FOUR NEW MAJOR-GENERALS APPOINTED FROM CIVIL LIFE.—[See Page 478.]

WAITING FOR THE WORD.

(*Continued from page 459.*)

them early in the morning you will witness some of the cleverest work, in all three branches of the service, that you have yet seen, even though you have watched the infantry and cavalry of Germany and the artillery of France. My observations come with added interest to me, who have but just returned from the Continent with a previous idea based merely on what I had heard that our regulars were inferior to those of England, France, or Germany, in mere matter of drill and general tactical efficiency. I have been most delightfully surprised by what I have seen here as compared with what I saw on the Continent. Uncle Sam's soldiers at Tampa are equipped for business, and there is no comparison therefore between them as a spectacle of burnished accoutrements and the Continental soldiers whom I saw in exhibition drilling. But for alertness—for dash, speed, and accuracy in action—these United States troops seem to me to excel anything I have ever seen in that line. Alertness and dash, indeed, are their characteristic and, especially as compared with France and Germany, distinguishing features.

Between ten o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon there is no drilling, and the soldiers are kept in camp, out of the sun and the manifold temptations of the town. After four there is more marching and drilling and inspection, while the regimental bands put martial spirit into the on-lookers, and the drum-major seems to be the most important individual in sight. The infantry are camped in one of those sandy stretches of scattered piny woods so plentiful throughout the South; the artillery and cavalry have the sand without the pines, though their location on the bay of Tampa gives them cooler nights. No place anywhere around Tampa is other than hot at night, not to mention the day.

A visit to these camps is a never-to-be-forgotten object-lesson in the business of war—which means the mere transportation of men, animals, fodder, the provision of rations, wood, water, etc. We are so prone to rattle off figures without appreciation of their meaning. There are in the infantry camp about 6500 men, and I am convinced that the average layman, viewing the spread of tents, the freighting outfits, and the stacks of fodder and provisions, would set down the number at not less than 15,000. So also the 1400 artillery and cavalry, whose camps adjoin, seem at least four or five times as many.

When the energy and money expended within the last few weeks to mobilize these men, and the further fact that it will take a fleet of about a dozen steamers, such as *Olivette*, to transport them to Cuba, are considered, some idea may be gleaned of what it means to move troops.

If the remaining six of the proposed fleet of ten transports were at Port Tampa, the army of invasion, or pacification, or whatever it may be called, could set sail within two days. There is an inlet twenty-two feet deep at Port Tampa, and long enough to accommodate certainly six to eight ships at a time, so that the actual loading would occupy comparatively little time. But only one at a time can coal and water. One would suppose that pending the arrival of the other transports those now here would be coaled and watered. But they float at anchor as unconcernedly as though laid up for the season. The balance of the fleet is reported due to-morrow, and perhaps we shall then see some activity in this direction. Everything else here is ready, and the troops and cattle are rationed up to June. There seems to have been much ostensible haste in the mobilization of this little army, but great leisure in the consummation of complementary details.

Two or three days ago the absorbing topic was where we are to land on Cuba; to-day all speculation is centred on when we are to start. It is idle to dwell on the subject here. New-Yorkers get more intelligence out of their morning papers than any correspondent from Tampa can give them while this masterly inactivity of the army continues. This campaign is being manipulated from Washington. It is fair to presume that General Shafter, who is in command here, has been taken into the confidence of the administration; but if so he guards the secret closely, for the officers here are as much in the dark concerning the immediate future as even the war correspondents.

A handful of Cubans on a tug left Key West several days ago to make a landing and reach Gomez. About two hundred assorted sizes of Cubans, with two rifles among them, came up yesterday from Key West to join a Cuban regiment that is organizing here. Its departure is a standing announcement in the local morning paper. Some more Cuban patriots came down from New York two days ago, and they too are yet here.

It is a great thing for the shops and hotels of Tampa—this halting war policy.

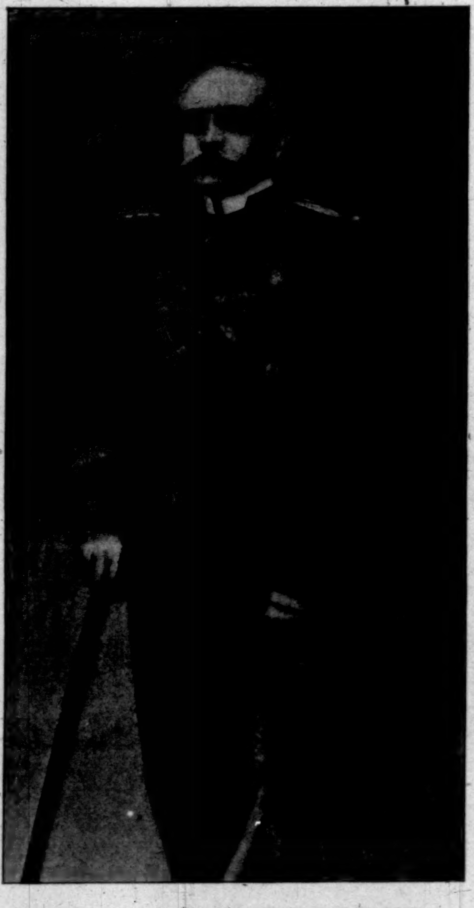
There can be no conjecture on the fact that the administration's policy is a waiting one. President McKinley and General Miles too, if what I am told on good authority is correct, are disinclined to put troops into Cuba if Spain can be conquered without doing so. Evidently it is believed the war can be closed without the aid of the army, and if Spain's fleet is really heading for Cuban waters, or waters within reach of our ships, there will come a speedy end to hostilities. Such a defeat in Western waters as Spain received off Manila would probably be followed by the capitulation of Havana. That is obviously the opinion of the administration and of many others less competent to judge. On the other hand, I have talked with well-posted men who are recently from Cuba and familiar with the situation, and they affirm that Blanco will make as desperate a resistance as he can in order to achieve at least some personal glory out of an inglorious war. Certainly the Spanish troops will be between the devil and the deep sea, preferring to be killed fighting than to be shot (as they suppose they will be) when taken prisoners by us.

There is a continuous and strong tendency on the part of the press to underestimate the Spanish forces in Cuba. From all I can learn, after painstaking inquiry, there seems, on a conservative rating, to be upwards of 175,000, of whom 70,000 are regulars, 40,000 conscript men, who have served several years, and the balance volunteers. Some place these figures much higher. But the army is said to be poorly organized, underfed, and ill equipped for rapid mobilization or quick movement from one part of the island to another.

When we do land in Cuba undoubtedly these facts will be considered, and a point chosen accordingly. That is one reason why Matanzas has been viewed by so many as the prospective landing-point of the American force. The harbor is so situated as to facilitate co-operation between our troops and fleet, and equally important is the further fact that the town is quite a railroad centre, by holding which we could cut off communication between the Spanish troops in Havana and those to the east. Furthermore, Gomez is said to now be in the extreme western part of Puerto Principe and marching towards Matanzas, so that he could be relied upon to harass what Spanish forces there are remaining in the province of Santa Clara. Practically all of Spain's strength is in the provinces of Havana and Matanzas, and a foothold once gained in the latter province, although likely to lead to some lively fighting, will unquestionably give us such strength of position as, with the aid of our navy, will make a short road to Havana.

It is hardly likely there will be any movement of the invading army until the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet are learned, and, if in these waters, fought to a standstill.

The heartfelt wish of this community is that the fleet may be speedily sighted. CASPAR WHITNEY.



ADMIRAL PATRICIO MONTOJO Y PASARON,
Commanding Spanish Naval Forces in the Philippines.

THE HERO OF MANILA BAY.

COMMODORE GEORGE DEWEY, who will go into history as author and executant of the first great stroke of the war with Spain, was born in Montpelier, Vermont, on December 26, 1837. He came of the best New England stock, his father being Dr. Julius Y. Dewey, one of the first authorities on life-insurance in his day, and a man held in high esteem in the business community. At the age of seventeen, after a preparatory course in the Northfield Military School, young Dewey was appointed a cadet at Annapolis, in the class which was graduated in 1858. A practice cruise on the *Wabash* followed, and he was resting at home when the civil war broke out. At once he was commissioned a Lieutenant and assigned to the *Mississippi*, a seventeen-gun steam-sloop of the old side-wheel type, under Commander Melancthon Smith. His first serious taste of war was when the West Gulf squadron, early in 1862, forced a passage up the Mississippi River ahead of Farragut. How exciting this expedition was at times may be judged from the fact that in passing St. Philip the ship was so near the shore that the gunners aboard her and the Confederate artillery in the fortifications exchanged oaths as they discharged their volleys at each other.

A later enterprise on the same river resulted in the grounding of the *Mississippi*, in the middle of the night, opposite Port Hudson, where she was riddled with shot and set afire by the enemy's batteries, so that officers and crew had to abandon her, and make their way as best they could to the other shore before the flames reached her magazine and she exploded. One of the crew recalls an order given by Dewey that night for the whitewashing of the decks. The gunners were thus able to see to do their work, for until the ship was fired all lights were forbidden, the plan being to slip past the forts without being discovered. This reminiscence is of special interest now in view of the way Dewey made his entrance into the harbor at Manila in the darkness a fortnight ago.

Other notable engagements in which Dewey figured during the civil war were at Donaldsonville in 1863, where he was on one of the gunboats, and at Fort Fisher in the winter of 1864–5, as an officer of the *Agawam*. Receiving his commission as Lieutenant-Commander in March, 1865, he served for two years on the *Kearsarge* and the *Colorado*, and was then attached to the Naval Academy for two years more. In 1870 he was given command of the *Narragansett*, and during his five years' charge of her rose to be a Commander. He was then attached to the Light-house Board, and in 1882 took his next sea duty in command of the *Juniata*, of the Asiatic squadron. On reaching his Captaincy in 1884 he took charge of the *Dolphin*, one of the first vessels of the "new navy." From 1885 to 1888 he commanded the *Pensacola*, then flag-ship of the European squadron; and this service was followed by a shore duty of considerable length, in the course of which he served first as chief of the Bureau of Equipment at the Navy Department, and afterward on the Light-house Board for the second time. Two years ago he was promoted to be a Commodore, and made head of the inspection board; and at the beginning of the present year he was given command of the Asiatic squadron, and the chance to distinguish himself which he has so brilliantly improved.

Commodore Dewey's wife, who was a Miss Goodwin, daughter of the war Governor of New Hampshire, died in 1875. Their one son, George Goodwin Dewey, is in business in New York. The Commodore enjoys the unusual honor of having had a town named for him before he became in any wise famous. As a young man he was sent to Ohio to select a site for a stave-manufacturing plant, in which a relative was interested, and the place he chose was christened Deweyville.

CHICKAMAUGA.

From the tiny stream that runs along the base of the camp a low hill rises in a series of natural terraces to the fringe of low trees on the summit, and on these terraces sit officers and men, according to rank. From the kitchen-tent at the bottom the white tepees of the privates and their tethered horses—camped in columns of troops—stretch up the hill, and highest up is the tent of the sergeant. On the first terrace above and flanking the columns are the old army tents of company officer and subaltern, and the guidons fluttering in line, each captain with his lieutenants at the head of a company street. Behind and on the second terrace camp the majors—three—each facing the centre of his squadron. And highest up on top of the hill, and facing, theoretically, the centre of the regiment, the slate-colored tent of the colonel commands the camp. To his right, the lieutenant-colonel; to his left, the adjutant, the acting quartermaster, the surgeons—senior and junior—and, last on the line, the civilian. Such is the camp of the Third Regiment of the United States army at Chickamauga. And to that regiment—from the cook over his Buzzacot oven at the bottom, to the colonel under his tent-fly on top of the hill—one serious little word, that the civilian caught from the army's tongue:

"How?"

A blast from a bugle at the break of dawn, and the civilian started up from his cot and lay down again. The air was chilly, the ground under him was wet with dew, and the flaps of his tent were yellow with the rising sun. That blast was for the private at the foot of the hill. The superiors above slept on; and being attached temporarily to the same, I, too, slept on—but not for long. A dozen trumpets suddenly rang out an emphatic complaint:

I can't git 'em up!
I can't git 'em up!
I can't git 'em up in the morning.
I can't git 'em up,
I can't git 'em up,
I can't git 'em up at all!
The corporal's worse than the sergeant,
The sergeant's worse than lieutenant,
And the captain's the worst of all!

This is as high up, apparently, as the private dares go, unless he considers the iniquity of the colonel quite beyond the range of a bugle; but the pathetic appeal was too much for a civilian, who was already a trifle uneasy as to just where—in the midst of salutes, rank distinctions, rigid ceremony, and other pomp and circumstance of war—he stood; so I got up, stepping from a nice cold foot-bath of fragrant dew to a dapple-gray wash-basin that stood on three wooden stakes outside. Just then the trumpet again:

Go to the stable,
All ye that are able,
And give your horses some corn.
For if you don't do it,
The captain will know it,
And give you the devil,
As sure as you're born!

The flaps of the quartermaster's tent alone were open; he had gone off at three o'clock that morning to get the Ninth Cavalry—the "black war-cloud"—off to Tampa; so I made for the foot of the hill to see the first stir of the camp.

It must have been a joy to Mr. Berg to go through a camp of cavalry, for in that camp there is no sterner law than horse ever first and master afterwards. Each horse had his nose in a mouth-bag and was munching corn, while a trooper affectionately curried him from tip of ear to tip of tail. Man and horse were in perfect condition, and the camp was as clean as a Dutch kitchen.

"I suppose you've got the best colonel in the army?" I said to the old sergeant, having learned that the colonel of each regiment, like the captain of each company, was always the best.

"Yes, sir," he said, quickly, and with perfect seriousness. "We have, sir." The sergeant had a kind face, a kind voice, a keen blue eye, and his name was Murphy; he was a Kentuckian, a sharp-shooter; he had seen twenty-seven years of service, and is known throughout the regiment as "the Governor." The sergeant's ambition was to become sergeant of ordnance; he passed his examination finally, but he was then a little too old. That almost broke his heart.

It was mess-call now:

Soupy, soupy, soupy—
Without any beans!
An' coffee, coffee, coffee—
The meanest ever seen!

Only the coffee was very good. That day the soldiers were to have "slum." Sometimes they get hardtack fried in bacon grease, and they give it a name that means slaughter if applied to a man.

"An' I've got the best captain, too, sir," said the old sergeant, as I turned away.

And everywhere I found an unfaltering loyalty, running up from the ranks and concentrating on the colonel, that must mean a telling *esprit de corps* for discipline in camp and fighting power in the field.

Colonel and staff were making matutinal ablutions in the full glory of the risen sun when I got back to headquarters, and when we went into the mess-tent for breakfast the trumpeter was calling the sick—who in the field are really sick, who in post and garrison are often merely weary:

Come and git your quinine,
Quinine, quinine, quinine!
Come and git your quinine,
And your pills!

Soon martial music came crashing across the hollow from the camp on the next low hill, followed by cheers, which ran along the road, and were swollen into a mighty shouting when taken up by the camp at the foot of the hill. The "black war-cloud" was rising, and through the smoke and mist the column moved into sight, headed by a mounted band.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
The boys are marching!

Along the brow of the hill and but faintly seen through the haze came the Nubians, with guidons fluttering along the column, and a train of big ghostly army wagons behind. The musicians of the Third started up with a rousing march, when the mounted band stopped, and the cheers passed after the marching troopers through the park.

"I must stop those yahoos of mine," said the colonel, mildly.

There was no mounted drill when the hour for "boots and saddles" came. It was the last day of the month, and muster-day for the regiments, attended with a review and a rare ceremony for the ever-scattered troops of a regiment—the "escort to the standard."

There had been no escort to the standard of the Third since '61—the last time the various troops were together—and the colonel said that never in his life had he seen the ceremony. He courteously asked the civilian to go with his staff. The civilian in innocence agreed, and a few minutes later a black war-horse stood at his tent. The orderly called him Nigger, and cautioned me not to pull him hard, for when pulled Nigger had the playful habit of rearing and falling over backward. As a captain of cavalry had had his leg broken the day before in just that way, this was not cheering news. Before the colonel's tent stood the horses of the staff, around the colonel's big, handsome, coffee-colored hunter, rich in trappings of much splendor. On the earth the colonel stands heavy, but in the saddle he is a feather-weight, and he made a brave picture as he rode away from the woods with three or four superb horsemen in his rear. At the edge of the drill-ground we were joined by a young English officer of the 14th Royal Artillery in a picturesque uniform. With his short stirrups and hunter's seat, he was a marked contrast to the subalterns at his side, who stood straight from their stirrups. Across the long drill-ground stood the regiment, and from it Captain Hardee, the "riding captain" of the Fourth Troop of the Second Squadron, was directed to fall out, move by rear of the regiment, and receive the standard and escort it to its

(*Continued on page 478.*)

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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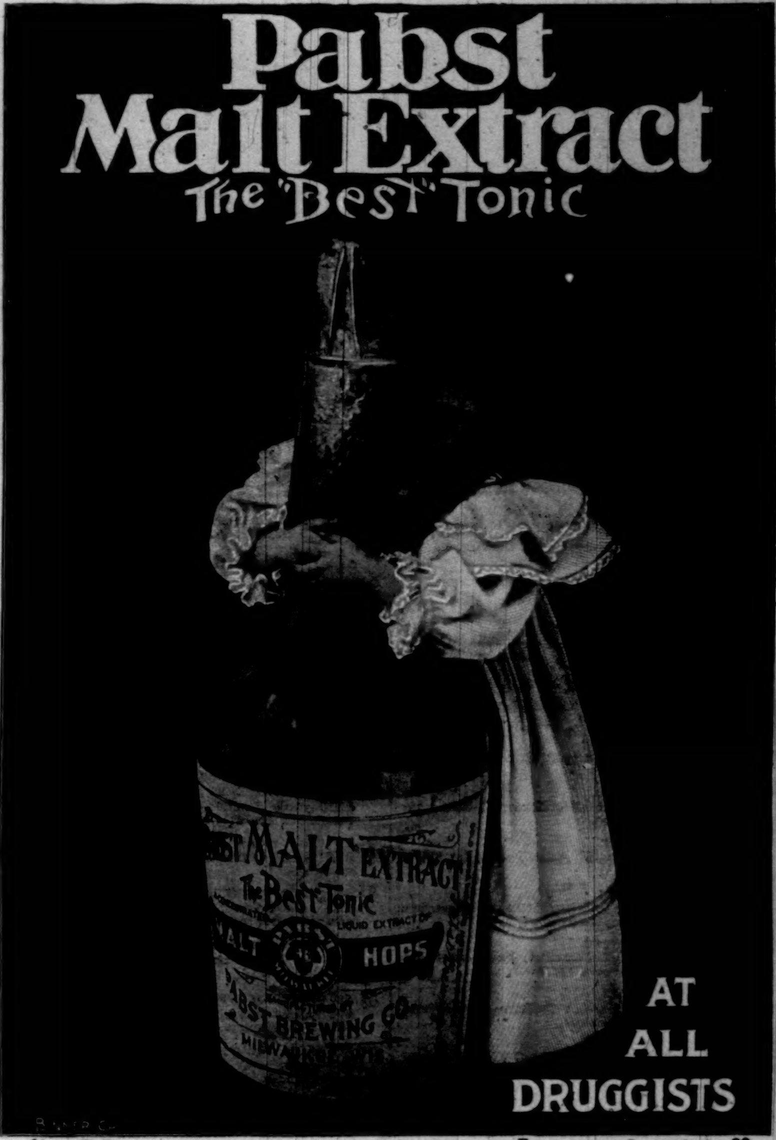

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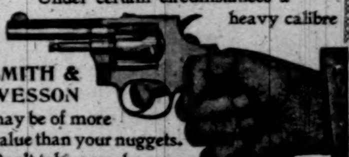

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$1 grade for 75c.
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$1.25 grade for 75c.
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$1.25 grade for 80c.
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$1.25 grade for 80c.
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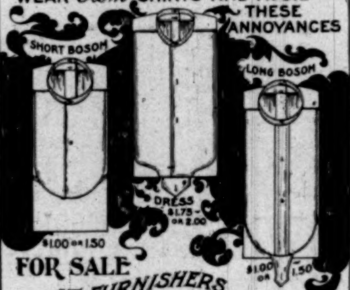

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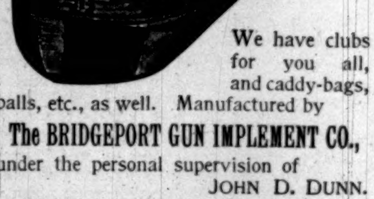

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THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE BATTERIES OFF MATANZAS, APRIL 27.

Drawn by Rufus F. Zogbaum, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly," on board Flag-ship "New York."

(*Continued from page 475.*)

position in line. In column of platoons the troop wheeled prettily around. A gleam of sabres acknowledged the honor of presentation to the standard, and the line wheeled and escorted the color-guard to the centre of the regiment. Then came the review, and the colonel's staff dashed to the centre of the field. Meanwhile Nigger's war blood was rising. He could go forward, backward, and sidewise with equal ease and about the same speed, and he wanted his accomplishments known. As the civilian had no spurs to check his backward course, and knew no checkmate to his side shuffle, Nigger went those gaits when he pleased; and instead of being with the colonel on inspection of the regiment, the civilian found himself occasionally on exhibition before the same.

It was a brave sight, that flash of sabres along the long length of the drill-field, like one leaping horizontal flame. Then the regiment, led by the stern lieutenant-colonel, who has the best seat I saw at Chickamauga, moved past the staff at a walk and then at a trot, and drew up a solid mass of silent living statues. The little Englishman grew enthusiastic. "I would like to see them in action," he said. "They would go through the Spaniards like a dose of salts."

Just then the colonel's spurs glistened; the coffee-colored horse sprang into a swift gallop to the head of the regiment, and the colonel wound in and out of the columns of troops. After which came the closer inspection of side-arms; and then the roll was called to know the men who could draw a month's pay from Uncle Sam, and the muster was done.

In the afternoon there was a baseball game between the famous club of the Twelfth Infantry and the club of the Twenty-fifth Infantry. It was a stormy crowd of whites and blacks, and a stormy game; but the whites won with the greatest ease. After the game I walked through the camp with the colonel. The men were big fellows, and some of them splendidly made, and the invariable testimony of the officers is that they make good soldiers. As cavalrymen they are apt to be heavy-handed and to lounge in their saddles, which on long marches makes sore backs.

"I got completely tired of answering one question coming down here," said the colonel—"'Will they fight?' and finally, at Nashville, I called up a big six-feet-two sergeant, who is a very intelligent fellow, and I got the civilian to ask him the question that he had asked me. The sergeant drew himself up to his full height. 'Sir,' he said, 'I refer you to the history of the late war;' and he said no more. 'In that war they led a forlorn hope, at Nashville" (I think); "they lost their officers in one charge against a battery, were forced back, rallied and charged up the hill without officers, and took the position. I know of no other similar instance in the war. General Grant said that if at Petersburg the negro troops had been properly supported he would have marched to Richmond. Nor is it true that harsh talk and harsh means are necessary to properly discipline them. I find them sensitive to kindness and appreciative of good and just treatment. As to their fighting qualities, I believe that in the Indian troubles they fought as bravely as the whites, did as gallant things, and were even less considerate of their lives. The trouble is going to be to restrain them when their blood is up."

Apparently this may be true.

"I want to see a heart beat," said one small, black, savage private. "I've always wanted to see a heart beat, and the fust Spaniard I ketch I'm going to cut him open and look at his heart beat."

The members of the Ninth, the "black war-cloud" (and, by-the-way, the officers of that regiment modestly disclaim this title), were keen to get to Cuba. The negro regiments left at Chickamauga are chafing to start; and it is odd, but they seem to think that the colored regiments of the army alone can drive the Spaniards from the island.

It was guard-mount when I got back to the camp of the Third. Out marched the band in full uniform and the corps of trumpeters. Out came the relief guard, and out marched the adjutant from his tent on the hill. It is not often that the regimental band has the opportunity to play other music than a march, and while the guns flash during inspection there is always a slow tune of pathos that must be greatly responsible for the hold that the ceremony has on the hearts of soldier and civilian. There is no band in the camp that is superior to the Third, and certainly no chief trumpeter who, in lieu of the drum-major, can swing his naked sabre with more dash and vim, while the band performs a few evolutions before it sinks into silence, and, as the relief guard marches toward the woods, withdraws for the night. The sun sinks rapidly now. The dusk falls, and the pines begin the dirge of the many dead who died under them five-and-thirty years ago. They have a new and ominous chant now—a chant of premonition for those who may die, for the gallant soldiers who are eager to show that the heroic mould in which their sires were cast is still casting the sons to-day. Now from the darkness glow camp fires far and wide over the battle-field.

Around the little fire on the hill sits the colonel, with his fine, kind Irish face, Irish eye, and Irish wit of tongue. Near him the stern old Indian-fighter Chaffee, with strong brow, deep eyes, long jaw, firm mouth, strong chin; the adjutant, a kindly, courteous Southerner; and the acting quartermaster, a superb specimen of Kentucky manhood. The two colonels are telling war stories, while the rest listen. Every now and then a horse looms from the darkness, and a visiting officer swings into the light. Then comes tattoo, and finally, far, far away, a trumpet is sounding "taps," then another, and another, and another still. At last, when all is quiet, taps rises once more out of the darkness somewhere to the left. This last trumpeter is an artist, and he knows his theme, and he knows his power. The rest have simply given a command.

"Lights out!"

Lights out of the soldier's camp, they say. Lights out of the soldier's life, says this one, sadly; and out of his life just now, perhaps, something as dear as life itself:

"Love, good-night."

It is a dirge that leads the dead soldier to his grave. But after "taps" is sounded over him, it is always a stirring march that leads his fellows back to camp. And so, from the colonel on top of the hill back to the trooper at the bottom—from the civilian to the Third, once more, and with good-luck ever,

"How?"

JOHN FOX, JR.

KEY WEST.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

May 2.

AROUND the fair Cuban coast is drawn the stern cordon of blockade; all day in sight of town and city or cruising far out at sea, ever watchful and ready, are the lead-colored ships of the North Atlantic Squadron. Rolling in the heavy swell when the north wind whips the strong Gulf current, or drifting slowly in the white heat of still tropic days, or lost in the gloom of night, they are as constantly present. The stroke of the engine-room gong will send them forging ahead in an instant for the suspicious light, or trailing smoke of passing steamer, or fleck of distant sail on far horizon. To officers and men this is a wearying task, taxing strength and tiring the watchful eye. The hail of the lookout and prospect of sharp work would be welcomed with joy. And things have happened during the week that are worth telling about, and one that brings a smile of calm amusement to our officer's face is the tale of how the *Mangrove* captured the *Panama* of Barcelona richly laden for Havana, and known since last Wednesday to be *en route* from New York. Armed and equipped, and with speed sufficient to run away from more than one of her foes, "some torpedo fellow will get her," no doubt; but the race was not to the swift in this case. On Monday afternoon about 5.30 o'clock the innocent-looking and comfortable light-house-tender, converted into a man-of-war by mounting two 6-pounder guns on her forward deck, her big derrick boom in its usual place, and the big hoisting machine that was not meant for hoisting Spanish ships out of water, but at least looked dangerous to our Spanish captain, Lieutenant-Commander W. H. Everett, pacing the deck of his improvised fighter, discovered the approaching *Panama*, and chased after her, and might be chasing her yet but for the sharp ring of his 6-pounder gun that sent a solid shot after the fleeing ship, and then two more, aimed to be sufficiently near to be heard but not felt. Getting near enough by this time, Lieutenant-Commander Everett hailed the *Panama*, and informed her captain that if he did not stop, the next shot would be through his ship, and not over it. How that was translated we don't know, but it had the desired effect, and her engines were promptly reversed. There was a big crew and a lot of passengers on the *Panama*, and also two 14-pounder guns mounted amidships, and a machine-gun on the bridge, all of which her captors noted.

The crew of the *Mangrove* all told amounted to thirty-five men, and there was but one pistol on board, and no other small-arms except officers' swords. So Ensign Dayton buckled his bravely on, borrowed the pistol, and with a couple of sailors climbed up the black sides of the prize and took possession. Both ships then moved off in search of the *Indiana*, from whom Commander Everett purposed borrowing a prize crew, for he had no men to spare, and if his prize took a notion, she might try to get away from so small a force. So the guns were kept pointed at her, and after a while the *Indiana* was found, and a prize crew furnished for the *Panama*, while the Jackies grinned with joy at the discomfited Spaniard. After reporting to the flag-ship, Commander Everett convoyed his capture into Key West.

Paymaster Simpson had a lively experience in bringing the schooner *Tres Hermanas*, with eighty tons of sugar, into port. She was captured Tuesday, off Cardenas, her crew taken off, with the exception of her Captain, who made himself very useful as cook. Paymaster Simpson, with three sailors as prize crew, took charge of the *Tres Hermanas*, and made sail for Key West. On Wednesday they struck a gale of wind with heavy head-seas, and for four days had plenty to do keeping the little schooner afloat. They finally brought her in safe on Saturday.

On Wednesday at 3 A.M. the *Terror* again made a capture, this time the fine steamer *Guido*, from Corunna, Spain, to Havana, with 750 tons of canned provisions. The *Terror* was about seven miles off Cardenas when the *Guido* came along with her lights out, and running away as fast as possible from the *Machias*, which had first discovered her. Two shots were fired at her, and she refused to stop, when a 6-pounder was aimed for her bridge, and struck fair, knocking out her standard compass and injuring the man at the wheel. This stopped the *Guido*, and Lieutenant E. F. Qualtrough and Carpenter Williard, with four marines and three sailors, took her in charge and navigated her to Key West, where she was anchored in Man-of-War Harbor. On Thursday night the injured sailor was taken to the hospital and cared for.

The *Ambrosio A. Bolivar*, with about $70,000 in silver on board, was also captured by the *Terror* and brought to Key West. The silver was hidden, and came to light in looking over the ship's cargo; it is mostly in small coin.

On Friday afternoon the *New York*, accompanied by the torpedo-boats *Porter* and *Ericsson*, left the Havana station and went off Mariel, twenty-four miles west of Havana, where the *Castine* is keeping guard over two small Spanish gunboats. There was an intention of bombarding the place, but we were disappointed, as nothing occurred, and the *New York* and torpedo-boats went on as far as Cabañas, off which place we arrived about six o'clock. The *New York* a little in advance, with the two torpedo-boats lying near, was fired on by a coast-guard of cavalry. The shots did no harm, however, and were answered in a minute by a puff of pink smoke from the *New York's* port battery, followed in quick succession by twelve shots from her 4-inch guns, when the cavalry disappeared, but came back again as the *New York* moved off, when she again opened fire with an 8-inch gun, the last two shots being aimed by Captain Chadwick himself, and all struck fairly in the midst of the troopers, the last shot sending a group of them flying in seventeen directions. It was nearly dark by this time, and the ships then turned back for Havana.

The *Panther*, with 700 marines on board, arrived on Saturday, all in good order. On Sunday the *Vicksburg* and *Wasp* arrived, having been well shaken up in the rough weather outside, and the *Vicksburg* losing a man overboard. The *New York*, *Indiana*, *Iowa*, *Detroit*, and the Monitors *Puritan* and *Amphitrite* are off the port for coal and fresh provisions, and when they move out again the cry and hope is "on to Havana." The navy to a man is ready and impatient, and only waits the order to open the second chapter in this war of expulsion.

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

MAJOR-GENERALS OF THE VOLUNTEER ARMY.

IN the appointment of officers for our new volunteer army four major-generals were taken from civil life, but three of them are graduates from the West Point Military Academy, and all have won distinction in military service. It is a noteworthy circumstance that in the civil war, which is separated from the present time by a full generation, two of them were prominent officers in the army of the Confederacy which was trying to destroy the Union, and the other two served with equal zeal and little less prominence among the defenders of the Union. The appointments may be regarded as one of the evidences of a complete reunion between North and South.

The new major-general whose name is most familiar is Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia, late Consul-General at Havana. He belongs to a distinguished family, being a great-grandson of General Henry Lee, "Light Horse Harry" of Revolutionary fame, and a nephew of Robert E. Lee, the most conspicuous military figure of the "Confederate States." His father, Sydney Smith Lee, served thirty years in the United States navy. The present General was born at Clermont, Fairfax County, Virginia, November 19, 1835, and entered the Military Academy at West Point before he was seventeen years of age, being graduated in 1856. When the war broke out he "went with his State," and resigned from the army to take service in the Confederacy. He was first Adjutant-General on the staff of General Ewell, but in September, 1861, was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Virginia Cavalry. He was soon promoted to be Colonel, and became a Brigadier-General in July, 1862, and Major-General in September, 1863. In the battle of Winchester, in September, 1864, he had three horses shot under him and received a severe wound, which disabled him for several months. In March, 1865, he was placed in command of the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and had occasion a month later to surrender to General Meade. General Lee was under thirty years of age when the war closed, and was among the first to accept the result with cheerfulness and good faith. He delivered a patriotic address at the Bunker Hill celebration in 1874, which attracted wide attention. He afterwards served in Congress, and in 1885 was elected Governor of Virginia, and became an exceptionally popular chief magistrate. He was appointed Consul-General at Havana by President Cleveland, and was retained by the present administration in consequence of his able, zealous, and discreet service at that difficult post until impending hostilities with Spain led to its abandonment.

General Joseph Wheeler was another of the dashing cavalry officers of the Confederacy. He was born at Augusta, Georgia, and was graduated at West Point in 1859. He resigned to enter the Confederate service, and was at once made Colonel of the Nineteenth Alabama Infantry, serving in the Southwest. He commanded a brigade at Shiloh, but in July, 1862, was transferred to the cavalry and placed in command under General Braxton Bragg in the Kentucky campaign of that year. He had charge of the cavalry in a persistent contest against the advance of Rosecrans. He became a Major-General near the beginning of 1863, and commanded the Confederate cavalry at Chickamauga, and afterwards captured the national line of communication in the rear of Rosecrans, doing much damage in the raid. He was the most active and energetic of the commanders fighting Sherman's advance through the South, and made a vigorous effort to destroy his communications. Failing in this, he undertook the defence of Savannah, and tried desperately to check Sherman's triumphant progress. He was promoted to Lieutenant-General in February, 1865, and was in command of the cavalry under Joseph E. Johnston at the time of the surrender. After the war he engaged in cotton-planting in Alabama, and also became a lawyer, and has served several times in Congress, being still a member.

General James H. Wilson was born at Shawneetown, Illinois, September 2, 1837, and was graduated at West Point in 1860, and assigned to the corps of topographical engineers. He took part in the bombardment of Fort Pulaski, and, as aide-de-camp of General McClellan, was present at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. He was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of Volunteers in November, 1862, and as Chief Topographical Engineer and Inspector-General of the Army of the Tennessee took an active part in the siege of Vicksburg. In 1863 he became Captain of Engineers and Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and was engaged in the operations about Chattanooga. In 1864 he was transferred to the Army of the Potomac, and had command of a cavalry division under Sheridan during the Shenandoah campaign. Later in the year he was placed in command of a cavalry corps in the Department of the Mississippi, where he effectively supported Generals Thomas and Sherman, and especially the latter on his famous march of destruction and occupation toward the sea. It was a part of his force that captured Jefferson Davis. Wilson was a Major-General of Volunteers at the end of the war, and received a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army. He left the army in 1870, and has since been engaged in railroad and engineering operations.

Major-General William J. Sewell, of the volunteer army, is the well-known Senator and political leader of New Jersey, where he has long been prominent in railroad and other business enterprises, as well as in politics. He was born in Ireland, December 6, 1835, but came to the United States, an orphan, in 1851. He was engaged in business in Chicago when the war broke out, but happening to be in the East at the time, he took service as Captain in a New Jersey regiment. He became a Colonel in October, 1862, and General Mott being wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, he commanded the brigade, and was himself wounded while leading a brilliant charge. He was also wounded at Gettysburg, and served bravely on various battle-fields. He was made a Brevet Major-General at the end of the war, for his gallant and meritorious services. He settled at Camden, New Jersey, and served a number of years in the New Jersey Legislature, being President of its Senate during three sessions. He has been a delegate in every Republican National Convention since 1876, and has served long on the National Committee of the party. He is a United States Senator for the second time.

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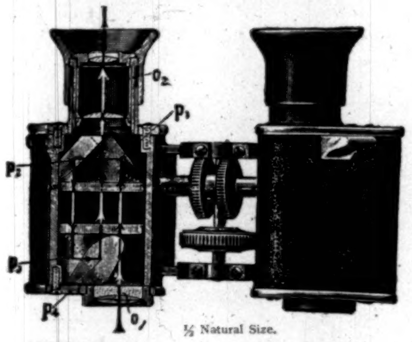

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